Week ending October 6 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

SHAME OF LONDON'S MURDER SPOT

See Centre Pages

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Marmite, the yeast-food extract, is the making of all soups, stews, meat and vegetable dishes. It adds delicious flavour and makes the most of war-time rations and recipes. Marmite makes delicious gravy, too.

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OXTAIL
GREEN PEA
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TOMATO

It's a meal in itself. Porridge is sustaining, body-building and thoroughly nutritious. ***But the FLAVOUR alone*** makes you greedy for the goodness in **Scott's** *porage* **Oats**

GROWN IN SCOTLAND — QUICKEST HOT BREAKFAST

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Mrs. Futura will shop by ELECTRONIC VISION 'PHONE SERVICE. She will "go to market" in any of her favourite stores by just dialling their Visionphone number. "Impossible" you may say. "Quite the contrary" say Mullard, who have developed the Thermionic Valve and who appreciate the boundless possibilities of Electronics in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of tomorrow.

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THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AV., W.C.2 (161I)

Make the best of the meal with—

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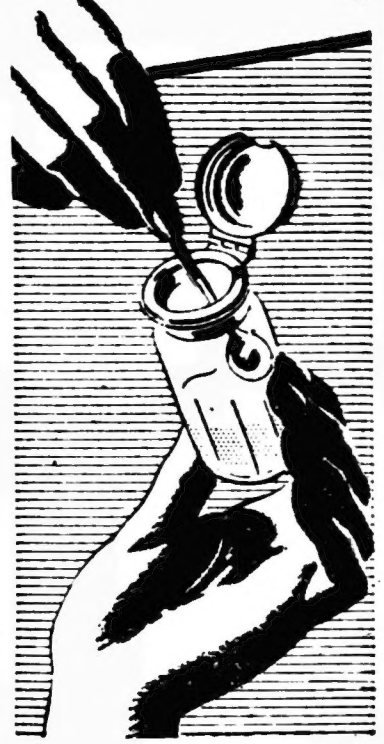


If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it

For nearly six years much of the Horlicks that has been made has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. These needs still have to be met.

It is nevertheless hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by, but if you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

FOUR SQUARE for me-it's pure tobacco!

"Mars are marvellous"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars

ZONED TO THE SOUTH

October 6 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2051 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PEACE?

BREAD AND MEAT; milk and eggs. Think of these things. Now think of gold, silver and foreign debtors. Which matters most to mankind?

Not being a fool, you have the right answer. All nations are made up of men and women who individually are as wise as you and I. Collectively, we behave, talk and think stupidly. The complicated lie is accepted; the simple truth is jeered at.

The truth is this. The wealth of Britain and of every other nation on this planet lies in the resources of the earth; the energy, brain and hard work of its people applied to those resources, and co-operation for the common good with the citizens of other countries.

Does the world lack wealth—the real wealth? Of course not. The war has sent many lands reeling back into barbarism, but such is the endless resilience of men and women, such are the strides of scientific and mechanical knowledge, that recovery could be miraculously rapid.

What stands in the way is sheer superstition. Every country has its nationalistic nitwits who preach the jungle economics of man against man and nation against nation. But they are a dying species.

HUMANITY cannot suddenly turn the corner from madness to sanity. But we could at least make a start.

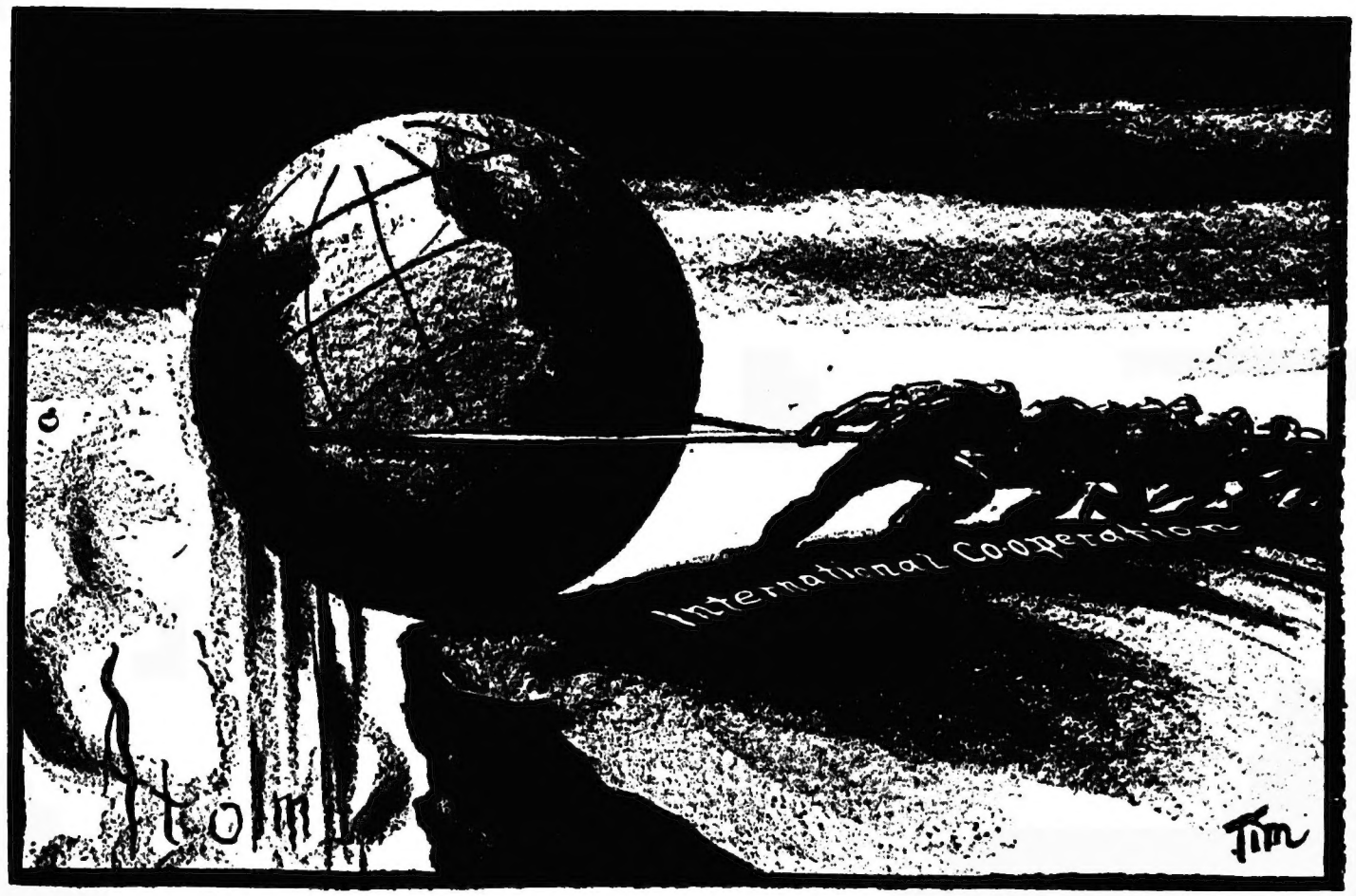
We could realise that vast vaults of gold under armed guard would not help the United States to feed ever-growing breadlines. We could grasp the fact that Stock Exchange revivals are not the magic means to make a dole queue vanish.

We have to abandon the elaborate myth that money is an end in itself, not a means to an end.

Bread and meat; milk and eggs. A well-fed neighbour is a good customer. A healthy, happy worker is a good producer. A hungry man is inefficient; he is dangerous; he is both a menace and a tragedy.

The humble folk know the truth in their hearts. They must insist on the statesmen speaking it.

The Editor



AND STILL THEY FIDDLE WITH FRONTIERS!

What Molotov Must Be Told

Ellen Wilkinson and Vesta Tilley. Gangsterdom Again? Raise the Services' Pay. Chuter Ede Rushes Backwards. Paid Holidays for Housewives. Where are the Boxers?

THE COUNCIL of Foreign Ministers succeeded in doing very little. For the time being international affairs are in the doldrums. No one expected miracles. No one believed that order would come overnight out of world chaos. But we did expect from the Great Powers more solid indications of capacity to think, talk and negotiate in 1945 terms.

As it was, such information as came out of Lancaster House was disconcertingly 1918 all over again. The same sparring for place and power; the same old game of diplomatic poker, with the Soviet Union apparently as conventional a player as the rest.

Britain has to make this clear to the Soviet Government—we in this country have profound admiration for the mighty achievements of the Soviet Union. We do not have to be told that the U.S.S.R. sacrificed most and suffered most in destroying Nazidom.

Apart from a tiny lunatic fringe of diehards, there is not a British citizen who will withhold the praise the U.S.S.R. deserves.

Learnt Nothing

Time was when the Soviet Union led the world in proclaiming the truth "Peace is Indivisible." In public she still proclaims it as the basis of her policy; in private she seems to have other ideas.

How else can we account for the fact that throughout the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, Soviet interest was clearly concentrated not on general security policy, but on strategic considerations.

The Soviet Press fulminates against tendencies towards a "Western block"—a phrase we dislike as much as M. Blum, whom the Russians accuse of wanting to plan it. But what difference in principle is there between a block in the West and the block in the East which Russia has already largely completed?

Moscow Tune

The block in the East exists and is ruthlessly strengthened every day. The Soviet Union completely dominates the new Poland; the present administrations in Eastern Europe dance with automatic precision to the Moscow tune.

Is Russia really surprised that some reaction in the West should take the form of "Western block" talk, when she has her "Eastern block" already in being?

The minds of men have marched on since 1918, when Russia had to face and fight the hostility of Britain, France and America. We have learnt much since then. But has Russia? Have Mr. Molotov and the Russian Government realised that to-day they are not hated and despised revolutionaries, but a great nation, a Great Power, rightly respected by the people of every other land?

Foolish Fears

The present Soviet policy only becomes comprehensible in terms of ancient fears and powerful foes who no longer exist.

Her politely phrased request to the rest of the world to "mind its own business" about affairs in the Balkans; her fantastic view that the other Allies should accept without question as "democratic" any Government which Russia finds it convenient to bless—all these things, unreasonable and unjust, are scarcely compatible with world security organisation.

Still Time

World War in the next few years is inconceivable. War after that is a catastrophic possibility with the complete ruin of all civilisation as the certain result.

Not a single nation but shrinks with horror from such a prospect. The atomic bomb has brought universal realisation of the fact that man's scientific ingenuity has left his thinking far behind.

The Soviet Union has in times past led the world in a courageous and honest approach to world problems. It had little support then. But it will be an incalculable blunder if, looking at past disappointments, the Soviet Union now pursues the fatal policy she once so bitterly and rightly condemned when pursued by others.

"MY WIFE AND I—

thank you for the splendid way in which you have met out claim," writes Mr. W. H. Gee, of Nottingham, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, ETC.

Flash-Back on Ellen

THE HARD-FOUGHT Ashton-under-Lyne by-election had a special personal interest for one Minister. Way back in 1923, a thirty-year-old school-teacher turned trade union organiser fought her first fight in that seat.

An elementary school girl, she won her way to the University, collected her M.A., terrified the Conservatives by winning a seat on the Manchester City Council.

This red-headed "mighty atom" did not make much impression on Ashton, though. She was at the bottom of the poll, beaten by both Conservative and

Liberal. Ellen Wilkinson, Minister of Education, has gone a long way since then.

Tories Had Tilley

SIR WALTER DE FRECE was the successful candidate in that 1923 struggle. He took over the seat in 1920, when Sir Albert H. Stanley became a peer.

Fascinating feature of Sir Walter's first campaign in Ashton was the entry of his wife, Vesta Tilley, into active politics. For five weeks she stumped the constituency, drawing huge crowds.

She didn't know much about politics, as she openly confessed, but she certainly got votes. Now times have changed. Very few electors these days could be wooed into voting for the candidate their stage idol happened to support. And a good thing too.

Gunmen Menace

EVERY SERVICEMAN arriving in this country by plane and boat is being requested to surrender any firearms he may have. Before docking, troopship loudspeakers appeal to men to hand in any guns they have on a "No questions will be asked" promise.

The reason—there is a sinister growth in the small-arms traffic. In West End pubs anything from £5 to £10 can be got for a gun. German Luger pistols with ammunition are special favourites.

From appealing, the authorities propose now to demand severe penalties for Servicemen found selling arms to civilians We support strongly any measures that will end the prospective menace of armed gangsterdom. A menace it is. There are already many disquieting signs of a new armed crime wave, as we report on the centre pages.

Forces' Fares

THERE HAS BEEN a noisy battle about Glasgow Council's decision to end its cheap tram fare concession for the Forces. Frankly, we can't get very excited about it.

What does annoy us is the almost automatic assumption of most people that the Forces are a fitting object for charity.

It is better wages, not "half prices," that the Service ranker needs.

By the end of the year, when "Civvy Street" will have welcomed so many of the boys back, we confidently anticipate that the Government will re-examine the whole question of Service pay and conditions. Let it be generous. There is no reason why battledress should continue to be the uniform of pauperdom.

Hunting Hop-Pickers

THE NEWLY-APPOINTED pit production officers selected by the miners themselves have never a dull moment. Certain parts of Staffordshire have long provided the hop-pickers for near-by growing areas.

Last week a production officer friend of ours spent most of the time in the hop-fields persuading miners to leave their families to handle the hops and come back to the pits.

"It's a hard thing to ask," he told us. "A man, wife and two children can make anything up to £3 per day between them, and they regard it as a holiday." Still, most of the men agreed to return.

Chuter Ede Steps Back

WHEN WE SAID recently (JOHN BULL, September 15) that the new Home Secretary has a great chance to deal with the old disgrace we call Dartmoor Prison, we didn't expect him to deal with it by making it into a Borstal for youths. In doing so, Chuter Ede has stepped back half a century.

Of course there's a shortage of Borstal accommodation. But why not convert a few disused Army camps into training colonies on Q camp lines where young delinquents went lumbering and were trained in good citizenship?

Was It Worth It?

THE QUEUE FOR THE GALLERY at the re-opening of London's Old Vic started at half-past four the morning before the appointed day. And it was a bitter morning. We hope the enthusiasts were in a fit condition to appreciate Shakespeare after a thirty-eight-hour wait.

But we still can't understand why gallery seats cannot be booked in advance, even if an extra charge of threepence had to be made. Why do we continue to make theatre-going an endurance test for the poor?

Housewives' Holidays

WE KNOW SWEDEN WELL, and when it comes to real social services there is a lot to be learnt from that country. Latest and not least valuable reform is a Bill now before the Swedish Parliament to give free holidays to housewives.

The sponsors argue that every housewife should be on a level with workers who get holidays with pay. The Government should see that she is.

Already Swedish law gives husband and wife exactly equal status as citizens.

Homes for Heroes

SWEDEN SETS AN EXAMPLE in sound housing administration as well. The national policy is based upon partnership between the State, municipalities and special co-operative housing societies. Private enterprise and ownership are encouraged, but standards of building and rents are strictly controlled.

The vast housing project to be organised by our own Co-operatitve Wholesale Society and the Co-operative Permanent Building Society will be modelled on the lines of Sweden's successful co-operative housing schemes, which began after the last war.

Dear Old Pal

AN OLD FRIEND emerges from deserved obscurity. We see Cyril Woodford Mellor was before the magistrates at Manchester. He had contravened the papers' regulations and was fined £25. Subject of the charge was circulars advertising Mellor's fascinating enterprise, Crossword Syndicates.

Mellor has long lived in a paradise provided by suckers. Paramount Pools, Mellors' Pools, Atalanta (the phoniest of all phony football pool forecasting rackets), tipster concerns of all kinds—these were among the endless pre-war devices of the resourceful Cyril for rooking the public.

And rook them he certainly did. In conjunction with his brother Harry (who went to jail during the war for concealing dollar holdings) and a man calling himself Thompson among other names, Mellor, from headquarters at Manchester and Stockport, reaped a rich harvest from those born every minute.

M.P.—J.P.

UPON ELECTION, M.P.s should automatically function as Justices of the Peace. When Parliament meets again in October a number of Members will press for this proposal.

They will point out that all M.P.s are called upon to deal with documents from constituents that need the formal signature of a Justice. M.P.-J.P.s save time. Others have to waste it, finding somebody else to do the signing.

The chairman of an urban district council becomes a J.P. during his year of office. It helps him to perform his duties efficiently. It would help an M.P. even more.

Secrecy Becomes Morgan

ONE of the greatest organisers of our time, who to most people has been hardly a name, is about to move into a new job.

Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan is the name.

He was the chief planner of D-Day.

He began the work long before Eisenhower was appointed Supreme Commander, and he kept it so quiet that he even gave his address wrongly in "Who's Who."

Morgan prefers secrecy. He is a shy man, for all his six feet, his grey hair, and his title of "Freddie" to his junior officers.

Judging by his official record, he might not seem a particular success. He has not had a regular command since he was a battery major in the last war. The explanation is that he has long been engaged on special duties.

Whenever an intricate, immense and nightmarish job has arisen. "Send for Morgan!" has been the cry.

Now he goes to UNRRA, to combat famine and disease on the Continent, perhaps to save our own country from epidemics.

He has no illusions: "On the face of it, the job looks impossible. But we have done the impossible before, and we can do it again."

He should know.

Population Quiz

THE ROYAL COMMISSION on Population seeks the views of 1,600,000 women about their everyday life and their future hopes. When this gigantic quiz is finished the information collected will help the Commission advise the Government on problems ranging from family allowances to domestic help needs.

Britons are naturally suspicious about even the politest inquiries into their home life. But housewives and mothers should give every help in this latest effort to find out what our women think and what they want.

Nation Must Know

Men have devised a great social machinery for expressing their views. In Trade Unions, political Parties, and other organisations women are in a hopeless minority.

The housewife and mother particularly has little opportunity to be socially alert about her own needs and socially organised to demand the reforms she believes in.

British opinion has long suffered from the inability to collate in an accurate way the opinions of the women in the home. The Commission's inquiry is an attempt to repair that grave deficiency. Its results will be a determining factor over a wide field of proposed social reforms.

Fighter Famine

THAT GRAND OLD-TIMER Eddie Phillips fought his way back to the sports page headlines last week. His triumph pleased us as much as the patrons of Eddie's pub down Bow way.

But Phillips' victory merely emphasises how badly Britain stands in the boxing game At the moment Bruce Woodcock is the only rising hope, and he has a long way to go yet.

The truth is that the sport has fallen into disrepute. It still draws the crowds; but the best youngsters who ought to be in the ring are missing.

A national training scheme through the A.T.C., Youth Clubs and so on might yet restore Britain's boxing prestige and give us a world-beater.

Track Talent

STILL IN SOMBRE MOOD about sport, we find the athletic outlook pretty bleak these days. Cyril Holmes is retiring. Our own Sid Wooderson says he is giving up "the mile." Replacements from the rising generation of runners have not yet appeared.

Unfortunately, at putting the shot, throwing the discus and the like we have always lagged behind. Why? We don't know and neither do you.

The Amateur Athletic Association is worried. Its decision to recommence the School of Winter Field events in London soon is welcome. No less than boxing, British athletics badly need new blood.

Story of Shapes

PAUL REDMAYNE, M.A., conceived the idea of demonstrating social progress in terms of shapes, and his new book, *The Changing Shape of Things* (John Murray, 4s. 6d.) is the result.

Bicycles and bridges; bottles and bathrooms—all have altered with the times. The drawings of Francis McNally make an excellent partnership with Redmayne's text.

This is a "different" sort of book; we found it fascinating. So, we think, will our readers.

A. G. G.

OUR READERS will be glad, we know, to hear that our famous contributor A. G. Gardiner is making progress after his recent operation.

COURT-MARTIAL DELAYS

THE spate of courts-martial—for treachery, rioting and other offences—focus public attention on one startling contrast to civil trials.

A civilian found guilty of murder hears his sentence pronounced within a few minutes of the jury's verdict. But a Serviceman tried for a crime carrying the death penalty may not be sentenced for weeks after the trial has ended—weeks of appalling suspense.

Of course a man found innocent by a court-martial is immediately discharged.

If guilty, he is told only that the findings of the court will be "promulgated in due course." After this, the findings and all details of the case have to be sent up for consideration of the convening officer (the divisional general, for example), who is responsible for confirming the sentence.

He may either confirm or reduce the findings of the court. If the crime is serious, high legal authorities may be consulted—even the Secretary of State for the Service concerned.

It is this careful consideration which causes the delay.

Unorthodox Genius Who Speaks for Britain

A HANNEN SWAFFER portrait of the unconventional scholar-artist on whose success as bargainer-for-Britain in Washington our future standard of living largely depends

BRITAIN, FORTUNATELY, is represented in Washington by one of the cleverest and most honest-minded men in the world.

Lord Keynes is an Admirable Crichton—one of the greatest of all economists, a devotee of Ballet, Painting, Drama and Music, who can discuss every phase of art, a courageous searcher for truth and a brilliant financier who, instead of piling up a vast fortune for himself, has placed his genius at the service of his country.

He is a deep thinker. He is a fluent speaker. And he is one of the most unorthodox dons of our generation.

Twice in his lifetime he has uttered warnings which, if they had been listened to, would have saved us immeasurable misery.

Beaten by Maniacs

The first was heard soon after the last war. Then, disgusted with the financial terms of the Peace Treaty, he resigned from his position as chief Treasury representative at Versailles, and published "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." Then, but for the "Make Germany Pay" maniacs, the second World War might have been averted. Instead, seeds of bitterness were sown—and Hitlerism was the harvest.

Again, in 1925, when he was backed by trade union leaders, he warned a Churchill ignorant of economics that his insistence, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, on reverting to the Gold Standard would lead to disaster.

"We are depending for the reduction of wages on the pressure of unemployment and of strikes and lock-outs," he wrote; "and in order to make sure of this result we are deliberately intensifying the unemployment.

"In doing what he did in the actual circumstances of last Spring the Chancellor was just asking for trouble.

"For he was committing himself to force down money-wages and all money-values, without any idea of how it was to be done. Why did he do such a silly thing?

"Partly, perhaps, because he has no instinctive judgment to prevent him from making mistakes; partly because, lacking this instinctive judgment, he was deafened by the clamorous voices of conventional finance; and, most of all, because he was gravely misled by his experts."

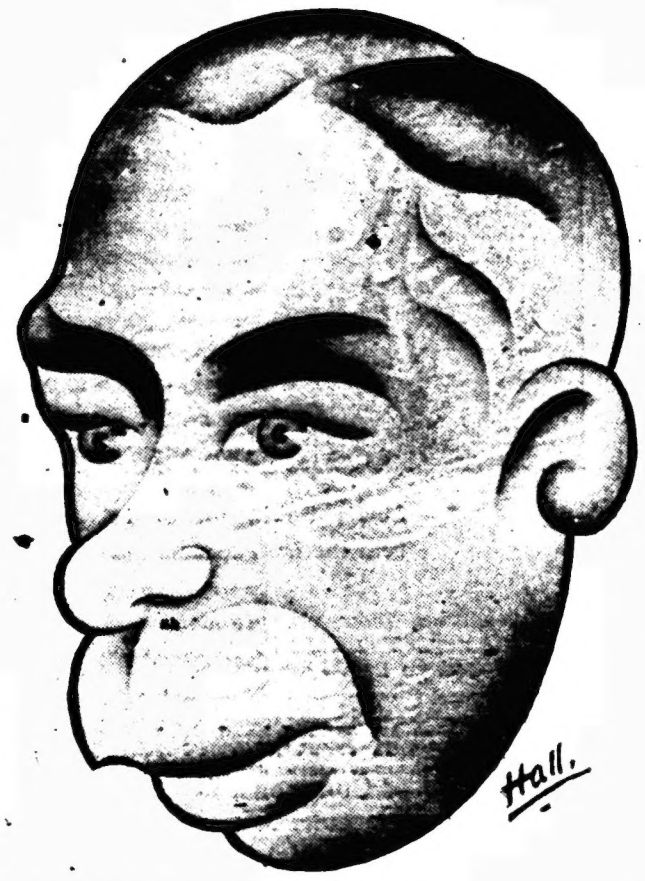
You know what followed—the inevitable General Strike.

Two Men in One

Churchill, in most people's minds, emerged as the hero of that. Actually, his blunder had brought the strike about.

The time came when Winston, having forgiven Keynes, made him a director of the Bank of England, and so unconsciously made it easier for the Socialists who succeeded him to bring that hide-bound institution under national control.

It is an amazing proof of the versatility of the mind of Keynes that, only eight weeks



LORD KEYNES AS SEEN BY HALL

after he had delivered a cultured wireless speech, as chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, on the need for taking art into the homes of the masses, he was sent to Washington to argue with Big Money about the implications of the cessation of Lend-Lease.

In the first rôle, he proved that he should become our first Minister of Fine Arts. In the second, he was soon blowing sky high Wall Street's idea that it could make the whole world its economic empire without jeopardising its own future.

And what a change came about in our attitude to the moneyed interests that were taking control of United States policy!

He Wouldn't Beg

Halifax, the white-robed but apologetic Ambassador, was dominated by a realist who blurted out truth that the emissaries sent out by our Ministry of Information—Noel Coward, antique experts, food specialists, and the like!—knew nothing about.

America was told the blistering fact that we were not suppliants for her charity, or cap-in-hand beggars, but a people whose contribution to the war effort far exceeded her own—and that we were therefore entitled to aid, in money and in goods, as a matter of simple justice.

Hollywood's films had given Americans the idea that they won the war all by themselves. Their war correspondents, who, for months, had scarcely mentioned what Britain did, also spread that idea.

Taking America's own figures as his basis, Keynes disclosed that we had suffered two and three-quarter times the number of casualties suffered by the U.S. and three and a half times the number of killed and missing.

Even leaving out civil defence, we had also contributed twice as many man-years to the armed services, seen our plant and equipment deteriorate nearly three times as much.

We had lost overseas investments thirty-five times greater, he went on, lost in civilian consumption, whereas Americans had gained, and paid 53.3 per cent. of our war costs in taxation, against America's figure of 47.7 per cent.

The Outsider

Why on earth was not all this told to the States, years ago, by a Brendan Bracken who had wasted millions on "propaganda" that had no effect, even if it were ever published?

Without help from America, we cannot buy her films. Then what happens to Hollywood, unless loans are granted us? Indeed, we cannot purchase anything outside the sterling area!

It is to find a way out of this jam that Keynes is now spending all his days and nights—arguing, quoting, proving, establishing with facts and figures.

Effete "diplomats" in our Foreign Office had failed. Bracken's unwieldy staff of thousands had made a mess of it. It was left to a mere outsider.

Cambridge, years ago, was almost horrified when Maynard Keynes, as he then was, broke all the rules laid down for dons by living in Bloomsbury instead of rooms in a college. There, with Lydia Lopokova, the ballet dancer, as his wife, nurse and hostess, he became the centre of a literary and artistic set, in which Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry were shining lights. And, in that galaxy, he was the most eager, and best-informed, conversationalist.

Yet, at the same time, he was canny enough to invest the funds of King's College, his *alma mater* and to multiply them with his knowledge of the City and its ways. He bought in slumps. He sold in booms. He proved his theories by "speculation." Actually, he was proving that "The City" was usually wrong.

Britain, to-day, is facing another Dunkirk.

In 1940 it was Churchill who rallied our ragged and unarmed forces and gave us new hope. To-day, in a period of bankruptcy in all but character and potentiality, we have Keynes as a spokesman.

Frankness Wins Friends

He has, as bargaining points, not only our proud achievements in the war, but the sterling *bloc* and the fact that, if Britain is forced to entrench herself behind it, it will mean a trade war with a third of the world blocked against American goods.

You cannot imagine Halifax saying things like that, can you? But Keynes is doing so. His Press conferences are not the say-nothing tea-parties, held at the Embassy, from which the correspondents have stayed away. They are exciting and frank. Newspapermen say, as they rush to the telephones, "That Keynes is some guy!"

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Lewis Silkin, M.P.,

Minister of Town and Country Planning

DEAR SIR,—A great piece of good news has been almost crowded out by grim reports of trouble with Russia, difficulties with the U.S.A., and a new atomic bomb calculated to kill millions in a flash.

But it remains good news; good for all who pay rates and rent, bad for the speculators who expected to make fortunes without a moment's work.

A Bill to check land rackets! That is something for which I have long campaigned. It should raise a cheer when, in the near future, you introduce it in the Commons.

Maybe you remember that, to widen a slum corner in Newcastle, four square yards had to be bought from the landlords for £250. To build a school in Birmingham, £1,150 an acre had to be paid for land formerly rented at £3 an acre.

For a hospital extension at Bristol, twenty-four acres fetched £11,500—which meant £115 for each hospital bed. To make room for a tube station, a bungalow which had cost £900 was acquired for £10,500. And the landlords asked £218,000 for 824 acres needed to finish off Manchester's housing estate at Wythenshawe.

Such vicious prices must not be allowed to impede Britain's new housing drive.

Two of your colleagues can help you to keep down the costs. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, must keep an eye on the builders. (Tenders for council houses at Totnes, Devon, range from £1,405 to £1,564!) George Tomlinson, Minister for Works, must break up the "ring" which supplies materials.

The Government has such strength behind it that profiteers can be swept out of the way.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor W. R. Blackburn

Colwyn Bay Borough Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR BLACKBURN,—You and your colleague, Councillor Pat Collins, are citizens with a civic mind. You have been fighting hard to persuade the council to hold evening meetings. You declare that it needs new blood; likely and useful candidates are unable to stand at the forthcoming municipal elections because afternoon meetings make it impossible for them to attend.

Colwyn Bay has plans to prepare for reconstruction of your delightful resort. The men and women who can help most in making those plans work are tied to their jobs during the day. You want them in the council. So do we. So should Colwyn Bay.—JOHN BULL.

Lewis Silkin means to beat the land speculators

Human Machine

Still the Boss

PEOPLE ARE VERY FOND of saying that "we cannot help what we think." It's all rubbish, of course: and in most cases it sounds suspiciously like either an excuse or an alibi.

For nothing is more certain than that we can help what we think. In fact, it is not too much to say that no one who has not learned to control his mind, to dictate to his brain and be quite sure that he is going to be obeyed, has the faintest notion of how to live or of how to enjoy life.

You're quite entitled to ask, of course, how this is to be done. The answer is quite simple—you do it by practice. You do it by hard, persistent practice. There is no other way of becoming an expert; and the man who can control his mind is emphatically an expert.

Can it be that people who think they can't control their minds are really just people who have a strong aversion from trying anything that looks like work?

You are in possession of a thinking machine, one of the finest precision instruments ever made; and either you are going to boss it, or it is going to boss you.

It is only the lazy and the indifferent who continue to be bossed.

That is why you must discipline that thinking machine, give it constant practice in the way you want it to behave, see to it that it concentrates for a few moments every day, learns a fact, remembers something, thinks over something. That is the way to control your mind. That is the way to make your thinking machine something to be proud of. Hard work, practice and persistence—there is no other recipe.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke, M.P.,

House of Commons, London, S.W.1

SIR,—You are a leader of the Tory Reform Group. It claims to have both policy and patriotism. Are you trying to prove it has neither? If so, you began well. Your "Stop Saving because we have a Labour Government" speech was sheer incitement to sabotage the national effort to solve a problem that would have faced any British Government in the early days of peace.

In every part of the country men and women of Conservative opinion have worked hard and well with their neighbours in the National Savings Movement. You told them to down tools. You asked every Conservative to join with you in an effort to promote maximum spending in a market with minimum goods.

You would welcome disastrous inflation—a process that would produce misery and suffering for the millions of our fellow-countrymen. This they deserve (according to your logic) because they dared elect a Labour Government.

You will deny you meant all this. But it was implicit in your speech. When Parliament meets next week, we hope you will be vigorously repudiated by Conservative leaders. We even hope that you will be honest enough to admit that pique at the political defeat of your Party made you advocate a disgraceful policy that no man with the welfare of his country at heart should have advocated.

You declare you are out "to fight this policy (nationalisation) by every means." Does that include propaganda to wreck Britain's financial future? Is there no weapon, fair, or foul, you are not prepared to use? Your speech disgraced you and your Party. Complete withdrawal and apology is the least you can do to repair the damage wrought by your disgusting display of temper.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor Sir Edward Scurles, O.B.E., J.P.,

Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames

DEAR SIR,—Your council has recently bought two large houses in Palace Road, Kingston. It is turning them into council offices.

Near by is a miserable and unsightly collection of corrugated-iron huts in which people are trying to live because no proper houses are available.

There are many families who haven't even a corrugated-iron hut to camp in.

Are your council offices so desperately urgent that two large houses have to be turned over to them now, and workmen engaged in making them ready, when they might instead have been converted into permanent flats to house at least six or eight homeless families?

First things come first. In the present crisis homes for the people are more important than spacious offices for council officials.—JOHN BULL.

Argument

The planning of a new world raises the question:

SHOULD WE STERILISE DEFECTIVES?

Yes

1. Insanity and grave physical defects are freely transmitted from generation to generation, often in widening circles, at incalculable cost in human misery and State expenditure.
2. Sterilisation of those found unfit to breed would be of benefit both to the individual and to society.
3. The operation involved, at any rate in the case of a male, is comparatively simple and has no ill-effects on health.
4. Though it would not solve the entire problem, for defects emerge occasionally in apparently healthy stock, it would help considerably.
5. Defectives are astonishingly prolific. One defective, but not certifiable, had (by various lodgers) 22 children, 17 of whom inherited serious mental defect.
6. Sterilisation is a less infringement of human liberty than isolation under guard.
7. New ideas always tend to rouse religious antagonisms, but many churchmen already support sterilisation of defectives and opposition will fade as the benefits are proved.

No

1. Sterilisation is execution—it is power of life or death over an unborn child.
2. Who is to be judge, and what is to be regarded as reliable evidence? The medical standards of yesterday would to-day be laughed out of court.
3. Defects are not simple "parcels of heredity" handed on entire. Sometimes a strain of high genius is linked with a defect. In rooting out the bad, science might destroy qualities of inestimable value.
4. Once grant the power of sterilisation and its abuse is certain. Consider the appalling loss to humanity in science and art had Hitler sterilised the Jews.
5. The Quakers were once considered mad. Would our race have been improved had they been prevented from breeding?
6. We are only on the fringe of knowledge where breeding factors are concerned, and modern research has shown the limitations of science in dealing with human beings. The "sterilisation school" is less influential to-day than twenty years ago.
7. The Roman Church resolutely opposes sterilisation and is joined in this view by many devout Christians of other denominations.

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!" —AND WHY IT ISN'T

Glaring evils flourish, social wrongs remain unrighted—and all because Parliamentary machinery makes no proper allowance for Private Members' Bills. So argues W. J. BROWN, the highly Independent M.P. for Rugby, in putting his case to JOHN BULL readers

In December of 1944, well before any other journal had realised the importance of the issue, John Bull published an article from me entitled "Too Slow for 1945."

Here I pointed out that under our present rules Parliament could only deal with two or three major Bills in the course of a year. And that if legislative "speed" was not to fall hopelessly behind legislative "need," we should have to do something about this problem.

It has, in fact, become such an issue. At the first meeting of the new Parliament the Government announced that it had so much business to get through that it would have to take, for Government business, all Parliamentary time, including "Private Members' Time." In the debate which followed this announcement, I urged that what was needed was an inquiry into the whole question of Parliamentary procedure.

The Government agreed to set up a Select Committee on this matter. It put me, amongst others, on this Committee and then—just to "larn me" not to produce any more bright ideas—arranged for the Committee to sit during the recess. The Committee is now sitting.

I feel that I have a special responsibility for seeing that, in modernising the procedure of Parliament, we do not lose sight of the paramount importance of preserving "Private Members' Time."

People's Representative

It is an essential feature of the British Parliamentary Democracy that, under it, a Member of Parliament is not a Delegate but a Representative.

A Member is not sent to the House to vote blindly for a given set of measures. He is sent there to represent his constituents.

Now Private Members' Time is an important element in this business of representing the people. Under normal conditions a certain amount of Parliamentary time is set aside in which Private Members can introduce Motions and Bills.

Governments, all the time, are pressed by the various Departments of State to get through legislation which the Departments want.

But the whole idea of Parliamentary Democracy is that Parliament should do what the people want. Private Members' Time gave the opportunity to Members to bring forward proposals which the Departments might not want, but which the people did.

There are many Acts now on the Statute Book which, but for Private Members' Motions and Bills, would not be there to-day.

There is, for example, the Act which established the "Plimsoll Line." In Plimsoll's day British ships were often sent to sea in a grossly overloaded condition, but heavily insured. If they reached their destination, the shipowner reaped a bigger profit than he would have done had they not been overloaded. If they sank, the shipowner collected the insurance money.

True, if they sank the crew would probably be drowned. That was just too bad, of course, but you could always get another crew from amongst the unemployed of the dockside. Plimsoll, an Independent Member of Parliament, resolved to end that wicked and abominable scandal.

He utilised Private Members' Time to do it. And after years of agitation he secured the passage of a Bill compelling the shipowners to paint

W. J. Brown, advocate of Private Members' Time | Ellen Wilkinson sponsored the Hire Purchase Bill | Sir Alan Herbert's Bill reformed our Divorce laws

on the sides of their ships a line which prevented overloading. This is still known as the "Plimsoll Line." It has saved the lives of countless thousands of poor British seamen.

Take another case. Shortly we shall have before Parliament a Bill dealing with Social Security. One provision in the Bill will provide for Children's Allowances. That provision would not have been there but for the work of Miss Eleanor Rathbone, the Independent Member for the Combined English Universities.

Reaping the Fruits

For twenty years she has lectured and written books about Family Allowances. Again and again she has used Private Members' Time to impress the idea on Governments and the country alike. Now, soon, millions of families in Britain will be reaping the fruits of her work.

Another case was Mr. A. P. (now Sir Alan) Herbert's Divorce Bill. That began as a Private Member's Bill. But it secured so much Parliamentary support that the Government of the day adopted it, and passed it into law. It was the biggest reform in the Divorce Laws for centuries, and it delivered scores of thousands of people from the misery for which there was no remedy as the law (before Herbert's Bill) then stood.

Then there was Miss Ellen Wilkinson's Hire Purchase Bill, which did so much to prevent the abuses of the Hire Purchase system which were then rampant.

The most recent instance was the Motion moved in Private Members' Time by W. D. Kendall some eighteen months ago, dealing with the Pay and Allowances of the Forces. Thanks to that Motion a Committee of twenty-six Members was set up to overhaul the Fighting Men's Pay and Allowances, which were subsequently increased by some fifty millions a year.

But it is not only that we get Bills passed as the result of Private Members' Time which we would not otherwise get. It is also that such Bills often deal with matters that Governments will not touch—if they can avoid it—because they are so dangerous.

Private Members who possess courage, and who care more for the public well-being than for personal popularity, can raise and press issues, in Private Members' Time, which, if there were no Private Members' Time, would never be tackled by Governments at all.

Let me take a striking example of this—the agitation of Wilberforce about the Slave Trade. One hundred and eighty years ago the Slave Trade was a very profitable one. It was, indeed, a powerful vested interest, with which no Government was anxious to cross swords.

The House Cheered

It was Wilberforce who led the Parliamentary agitation on this matter. He introduced a Private Member's Bill, which, although supported by Pitt, Burke, and Fox, was defeated in the House in 1791. At last, after twenty years of ceaseless activity, in 1806 he got his Bill through prohibiting the further importation of slaves into British possessions.

It is recorded that the House of Commons rose to its feet and cheered him again and again, while he himself sat with bowed head and the tears streaming down his face. And after another twenty years he secured the freeing of the existing slaves.

A Private Member, using Private Members' Time, had attacked and destroyed a moral evil, a social wrong, which no Government of that day would have dealt with but for him.

The truth is that there must always be in Britain, if the native genius of the British people is not to be frustrated, not only Government effort, but private initiative.

The Empire came into being not as the result of Government decision, but as the result of the activities of traders and adventurers who had no idea that they were, in fact, founding an empire. In Parliament, we need to preserve that same balance between Private Member and Government, not merely in the interest of the Private Member but in the interest of good government itself.

Let us by all means modernise Parliament. But let us in so doing stick closely to the principles which have served us so well in the past. Let us preserve Private Members' Time, and all that it means to Parliamentary and public well-being.

A REPLY TO MR. BROWN

by H. NORMAN SMITH, M.P. for South Nottingham

I agree with everything my old friend, W. J. Brown, says about the essential part private Members play in our Parliamentary system. I heard with pleasure his arguments, and those of Sir Alan Herbert, when the House of Commons recently debated the motion that Private Members' Time should be taken for Government business.

Yet I voted against them.

The most important thing in Brown's article is his insistence that M.P.s are not mandated delegates, but representatives responsible to their constituents.

I write with feeling, because I have just been ticked off for offering to sponsor a deputation of my constituents who, having been engaged on war work in a Government factory in the heart of my constituency, felt their livelihood endangered by the outbreak of peace.

Those people approached me. Would I introduce their deputation to the Minister of Supply? Of course, I would! Was I not their M.P.? But both the Minister and the Chief Whip rebuked me—the Government, they said, dealt direct with the trade unions.

This novel constitutional doctrine implied that I had no right to regard myself as the champion of constituents who, having put me into Parliament, looked to me to safeguard their livelihood. Brown is right when he insists on the responsibilities of the Parliamentary representative.

But Brown is wrong when, in the circumstances of 1945, with the world's industrial economy in tatters following a devastating war, he suggests that the Government ought not to take the whole of Parliament's time for the State's business.

The Labour Party has just been given a Parliamentary majority to remould the economic system—a task that will take time. The sooner the necessary legislation is passed the sooner shall we have a decent economic system that will provide a background of abundance against which private M.P.s will have leisure to use their initiative for socially-desirable purposes.

SHAME OF LONDON'S MURDER SPOT

Such shocking stories reached us of what is taking place after dark in the heart of the West End that we deputed William J. Gage, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, to make a full inquiry. His first report reveals the existence of a dangerous plague spot, and things are getting worse. Stronger action by the police is urgently necessary

A NEW AND SERIOUS crime wave is growing in London. It shows clear signs of developing rapidly.

So far, it is confined chiefly to Soho, that strange, garlic-scented "Quarter" in the heart of London's West End, which has always had a mixed reputation.

For many years the law-abiding citizens of Soho and its honest traders have had to rub shoulders with all types of male and female undesirables in their midst.

The official title often bestowed on this "continental" colony that occupies little more than a square half-mile is "London's Murder Land."

For, since 1912, when it was first referred to as "London's Montmartre," there have been constant outbreaks of crimes of violence caused by desperadoes who have made Soho their home.

Since that time over forty murders and mystery deaths have occurred in Soho and just beyond its boundaries, nearly half of which were never publicly solved, although Scotland Yard investigators often knew who the murderers were.

Lack of evidence, and the intimidation of witnesses by threats of injury, prevented them from getting the necessary material to secure a successful verdict.

Street Razor Fights

During the last eighteen months the situation in Soho has grown so ugly that Scotland Yard and the Home Office have become gravely concerned.

Street fights, in which guns, knives and other weapons are used, have become frequent.

At least two murders which have occurred within the last few months have so far baffled the investigating officers.

I recently spent the best part of a week in the Soho area visiting so-called "clubs" and crime centres. I watched the movements of crooks well known to me by sight.

Only a short time ago, just off Leicester Square, at a time when the streets were crowded with people homeward bound from cinemas and theatres, a dangerous battle started between two rival white and coloured factions.

Knives were flashed. A woman fell to the ground severely cut on the wrist and face by a razor. In what seemed no more than an instant, a dozen American soldiers and coloured seamen were fighting desperately.

No doubt you read of that in the papers. But did you know that during the same night there were five other similar outbreaks in the same area?

On another occasion, about midnight, a murderous affair broke out between coloured men and American soldiers.

The fighting started in the heart of Soho, near Shaftesbury Avenue.

Bricks were thrown by coloured men at two American sailors and a girl who was with them. A few seconds later the girl and her two companions were slashed with razors.

White troops attracted rapidly to the scene were so infuriated at what had happened that they joined in.

The coloured men were joined by others, and by the time Gerrard Street—one of Soho's best-known streets—was reached a serious battle raged. About eighty people, the majority of them coloured seamen, were involved.

It was only luck prevented this battle from ending in murder. As it was, one man was injured so severely that he nearly died.

"Street fights, in which guns, knives and other weapons are used have become frequent." A scene at 2 a.m. just after civilian and military police had quelled a battle between whites and coloured men in Soho

Scenes like this, though perhaps not on such a mass scale, are now occurring almost nightly. Over 400 assaults, some serious, have been reported in the last 18 months.

That is why it is good news that more Flying Squad vehicles and cars are now to be used. With them will be more stationary and moving police patrols.

Much of this phase of the present trouble is caused by a years-old feud between white and coloured Americans.

Many clubs in Soho cater specially for coloured men and are run on most respectable lines. Others are not so particular and allow white women in.

Outside a club used by coloured men the other night, I saw a white girl badly bleeding from cuts in the face. She was shrieking that her boy friend was being murdered.

Police arrived, accompanied by American military patrols, and entered the club. A little while later a seriously injured man was carried out unconscious.

He was placed on the pavement, and the girl stood, swaying helplessly over him and gesticulating wildly. When an ambulance arrived she did her utmost to stop the attendants from taking the injured man off. The police had to lead her away by force.

Much of the present violence in Soho is caused by motives of robbery.

One man, victim of robbery with violence, was fortunate to survive. The story began when he met a woman in an hotel lounge who suggested visiting a club for a drink. He did not know, of course, that she was one of the many women decoys who, in the pay of drinking club proprietors, not only draw a commission for introducing guests, but also get a percentage of the amount of liquor they can induce clients to buy.

Later this man was found by the police lying in a West End alley wounded and with bruises all over his body. He could not remember where he had been or what had happened to him.

His wallet, containing nearly £300, and a diamond ring, had been stolen.

In another case, a man was found unconscious and badly injured lying in a Soho street. Police officers sat by his bedside until he regained consciousness. But he refused to give them any information.

Many people, robbed like him, are afraid of their names becoming known if the case appears in the papers. Others fear further violence or revenge.

Although the police, under Defence Regulations, were able until recently to close down many undesirable clubs without police court proceedings, many such places still flourish.

Some take temporary premises and use touts to bring them clients. They close down and open elsewhere as soon as they know official inquiries are being made.

They use portable counters, fixed together in parts, which are easy to move from place to place.

One sordid feature about these Soho drinking "clubs" is the large number of young girls using them. It is quite a common sight to-day to see girls of sixteen and seventeen being brought out of such places completely intoxicated.

Gaming and Vice

In one "club" last week I saw one young girl, very drunk, pick up a glass, smash it on the counter, and threaten to jab the jagged ends into an American soldier's face.

Then there are the gaming clubs where often stakes of £100 are made on the illegal games of dice, faro, and poker.

Drink is used to dull a "guest's" wits. More often than not the visitor, out for a bit of a spree, loses everything of value he has on him.

An American told me that he lost £700 in one of these gaming haunts after only an hour and a half's "play."

Another told how he pledged a valuable diamond ring in the hope that he would retrieve his losses. He lost that money as well.

Police statistics estimate that one gaming club gang makes £20,000 a year.

In a recent raid on a Soho gaming club the police found £3,500 in the pockets of thirty-seven players, many of them men in uniform.

There is further thriving danger in Soho. It arises from what is known as the "Vice-lane lord" racket.

It was started nearly a quarter of a century ago by a well-known French music-hall artiste named Martial Le Chavalier.

Le Chavalier opened a number of clubs. He brought pretty women from France and

Chief-Inspector Fabian, C.I.D., recently appointed leader of the Flying Squad, must play a big part in breaking Soho's new crime wave

stalled them in expensive flats for which he arged them exorbitant rents.

He used these women as decoys to inveigle ealthy men into compromising situations. He rmed a gang of ruffians to threaten people he shed to victimise.

Soon, other gangsters saw money to be made. pen rivalry began between the Le Chavalier ng and others set up by his competitors.

One night Le Chavalier was found murdered Air Street, off Regent Street. Certain men, cluding a wealthy Italian named Casimir chaeletti, who always carried two revolvers herever he went, were questioned.

Early Gang Warfare

Chief Inspector Lander, of Scotland Yard, ow retired, was certain that Michaeletti was one the two murderers involved. But proof was cking owing to intimidated witnesses.

As the years passed he became an inter-ational crook as well as a vice-landlord.

He joined partnership with a handsome rench dancer named Jean de Castiner. He ran dancing academy in Soho and was friendly with any famous and wealthy women.

History repeated itself. A man named Ballada, ho kept a Soho club, was murdered. Again ichaeletti was suspected, again the police could n nothing on him. He carried on, and was nown as "The Terror of Soho" for years.

Then he and his partner Castiner quarrelled er money and a deal in diamonds. Eventually astiner killed Michaeletti.

Since then, many other "vice-landlord" mur-ers have occurred in Soho. Some of the victims ere women who "knew too much." Several of ese murders have never been solved.

But, when the war began, the police were able banish several "known" undesirables, either ordering them back to their own countries or issuing deportation orders against them under efence Regulations.

Now drastic action must be taken if another Reign of Terror," lasting perhaps years, is to be voided.

Counter-measures will be directed by Chief spector Robert Fabian, C.I.D., who has recently en appointed the Flying Squad's new leader.

A few years ago he was decorated with the ing's Medal for gallantry when members of the ish Republican Army placed a bomb near the atue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus.

Without any thought for his own life, he rew himself across it, rendered it harmless, and ved great loss of life.

In addition to more cars and other vehicles, rtain new wireless methods of police communi-tion and detection are being introduced in this ght against the new outbreaks of crime.

ANOTHER ARTICLE NEXT WEEK.

Men Behind Stalin's New Moves

by WILLI FRISCHAUER

MAKE NO MISTAKE: Russia's demands will affect the lives of us all.

Our security, our work, our prosperity depend on affairs beyond our shores. And Stalin's policy is making those affairs headline news day after day.

"Russia moves into the Mediterranean. Russian designs in the Balkans. Russia's terms for Turkey. Russia intends to split Europe into two zones."

So the diplomatic writers keep tapping their typewriters, and the Foreign Ministers arguing, from one crisis to another.

It is worth while, therefore, to know something of the men who frame the policy which Marshal Stalin adopts and M. Molotov pursues from the Kremlin or at international conferences.

Russia's real intentions, which must affect the whole world, are the subject of universal speculation today. Here are well authenticated facts about the backroom boys of Soviet policy

Trips Abroad

It is only recently that some of these men have moved from the seclusion of the Kremlin and accompanied Marshal Stalin or M. Molotov on their trips abroad. But even if some of these brains-trusters are now on the spot where Soviet policy is to be co-ordinated with that of the other Allies, even comparatively small problems are referred back to Moscow.

If this causes delays, the reason is rather technical than the fault of a swift-thinking, self-reliant, versatile but hard diplomat on whom Stalin is known to be relying more than on any other.

He is Andrei Alexandrovitch Zhdanov, a black-moustached hundred-per-cent. Party man—and almost certain to be the eventual successor of Stalin. His popularity in Russia is such that his portrait is often seen by the side of Stalin's.

Argues with Stalin

A colonel in the Red Army, Defender of Leningrad, he is also a propaganda expert, and the propaganda line he lays down largely determines Soviet action abroad. Alone among the Soviet hierarchy, he will argue fearlessly even with Stalin to get his views across.

Hardly known outside Russia, Zhdanov first became known in international affairs when he accepted the chairmanship of the Allied Control Commission in Helsinki. He is credited with the fact that Finnish-Russian relations, in themselves and in the framework of international affairs, have proceeded smoothly ever since Finland's defeat.

But while he was making such a "good job" of this problem he devoted his powerful mind to bigger things. Though Stalin issues instructions and Molotov carries them out, Zhdanov has not infrequently inspired them.

Equally in the background—as much as his participation in mixed commissions and his journeys abroad permit—is A. Ya. Vyshinsky, First Deputy-Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

Vyshinsky concentrates on Mediterranean problems, on the ticklish question of waterways (including the Dardanelles), and the Italian Colonial Empire in which Russia is interested.

Yet Vyshinsky is essentially a lawyer, a treaty expert. He was the prosecutor in the great Russian treason trials that resulted in the Great Purge. The last words in his dramatic final speech, "Shoot these dogs!" may give you an idea of the violence of his feelings where Soviet Russia's safety is concerned. That he was born a Pole has in no way lessened his enthusiasm for everything Russian.

Approach to Germany

It was he who, with Marshal Zhukov, signed Germany's surrender. It is still Vyshinsky who principally determines Soviet approach to Germany. Polished but often inscrutable, he exercises his influence with the assurance of an expert with whom Stalin can rarely find fault.

Then there is a man I have recently seen sitting silently at the London Conference of the United Nations Preparatory Commission and who is M. Molotov's Number Two in the Secretariat of the Five Foreign Ministers' meeting.

Stolid and Blunt

They already dubbed Andrei Gromyko a "mystery man" when he was Chargé d'Affaires at the Soviet Embassy in Washington while M. Litvinov was Ambassador.

Stolid, with a typical Russian face, apparently impassive yet revealing his mental alertness through a pair of darting eyes, Gromyko loathes publicity, hates social functions, is a man of strong feelings who shows his sympathies and antipathies with little diplomatic restraint.

Andrei Zhdanov, swift-thinking, self-reliant diplomat, who is almost certain to be Stalin's successor

Stalin likes his bluntness and listens to him. He was blunt on several occasions when he succeeded M. Litvinov in Washington. When, for example, he met the previous Polish Ambassador, he nodded curtly and turned on his heels.

His curt gestures could also be observed in London; when his aides whispered or passed notes to him he hardly moved his head or changed his expression.

Gromkyo belongs to the set of younger diplomats who were educated only in Russia, whose influence in Soviet diplomacy is increasing, and of which M Gusev, Soviet Ambassador in London, is also a member.

M. Gusev, in his own quiet way, has already left his imprint on the Diplomatic Corps in London. One of Soviet Russia's Bright Young Men, he acclimatised himself quickly to the strange world of Western society.

I have seen him at social functions at the Soviet Embassy in "Millionaires' Row," Kensington Palace Gardens—playing a perfect and charming host, aided by Madame Gusev, who is courteous, engaging, and a competent mother and housewife.

His part in deliberations and decisions on Soviet foreign policy is apt to be under-rated. But those best acquainted with the customs of the Kremlin predict that Stalin himself has picked Gusev out for a great rôle.

But behind them are still our old friends, the twin-Deputy Commissars for Foreign Affairs—same rank as Vyshinsky—who have recently hardly left their desk in Moscow but who contribute much "brain," to Stalin's team: Maxim Litvinov and Ivan Maisky.

Russia's Global Strategy

Both are well known in London. They arrived here as refugees long before the last war. Litvinov—once a clerk in a London publisher's office, later a dealer in armaments in many countries—was, you will remember, Molotov's predecessor as Foreign Minister until the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939. Later he went to Washington.

But his disappearance from the public scene does not mean the eclipse of his influence. Together with Maisky—for ten years Soviet Ambassador in London—he advises on Anglo-American affairs and is the expert on Russia's global political strategy.

Subjects for Study

Both men are equally good-humoured with a ready wit, both great friends of this country. Litvinov is married to Ivy Low, an Englishwoman. Maisky gave ample proof of his sympathies for Britain during the difficult period of his stay in London.

If we study these men and their background we find pointers to the future course of the sphinx-like Soviet policy. The one certainty is that they have not yet finished dealing electric shocks to the world.

Penny Book that Swept the World

The birthday story of "Merrie England," Robert Blatchford's famous social indictment, first published just fifty-one years ago. Lovers of their fellow men may still draw inspiration from Blatchford's crusading spirit

by VINCENT BROME

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN 5 and 6 o'clock on a warm summer's day in 1894, a handful of men gathered round a rickety table in their Manchester office. They decided to start a venture which might easily lose them a lot of money.

It was something quite new in the publishing world: a book for a penny. A book, moreover, of 206 pages which put forward a creed violently opposed to the way of life which then made up the daily round for the majority of people in Britain.

It was a Britain where tobacco was 4d. an ounce and whisky 3s. a bottle. It was a time when the telephone still seemed like sorcery and there was never a motor-car on the streets.

The People's Side

Beneath the surface were breadline wages and unemployment, sweated labour and unbelievable squalor. It was these things which fired the imagination of Robert Blatchford, then aged forty-two, and urged him to write a stirring series of articles for the weekly Socialist paper called *The Clarion*.

They came fresh and vivid from his pen. He had the gift of bringing simple phrases alive so that they remained with the reader long after he had read them. Blatchford analysed the squalor and the ill-health in a way which not only laid bare their causes, but set the pulses beating a little faster.

Here was a ringing call to the people of Britain. Oppression, injustice and hopeless insecurity were the lot of far too many people in the Merrie England of 1894. Blatchford knew a way out, it was a way which depended upon the common people themselves.

He wrote his articles in the form of letters addressed to John Smith. They ran in *The Clarion* for many weeks.

"Now then," he wrote, "what is the problem? I call it the problem of life. We have here a Country and a People. The problem is—given a Country and a People, find how the People may make the best of the Country and Themselves."

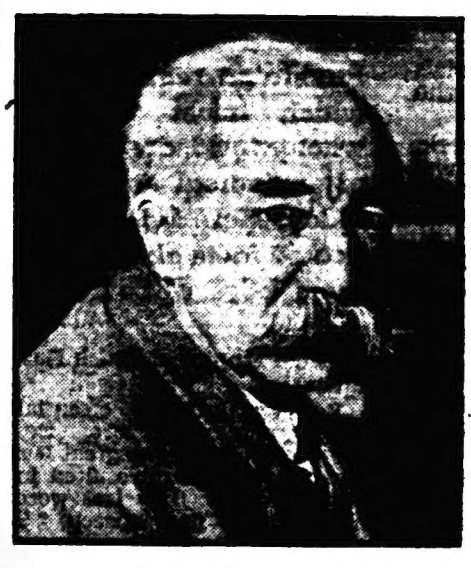
Success at Once

He went on to examine the life of the everyday worker. He showed the hopeless injustice of extreme poverty and extreme wealth. He exposed the fat profits of the middlemen.

Then he explained the way in which Socialism would work and the new life it could bring.

Then Blatchford and his colleagues decided that there was another field yet to be opened—the book field.

In their Manchester office that warm summer's day they pondered on the risks—206 pages for a penny. It was



Robert Blatchford wrote ". . . understand why things are bad, and take a part in putting things right"

asking for financial difficulties, but their message had little to do with money. They re-examined the estimates, they consulted the printer, they worked out approximate sales.

A few weeks later the penny edition of *Merrie England* was announced. At that time the circulation of *The Clarion* was under 40,000 and they estimated that they might, at the outside, sell 100,000 copies of *Merrie England*.

From the very start they had a shock. Before the printing of the 100,000 copies was complete, orders poured in for 250,000.

Soon the penny book on Socialism went out to the four corners of the country and one did not need to go far to find the explanation. Here was a man who appealed to reason with the simplest words, but they were warm, human words which found an echo in the mind of the humblest in the land.

Finally *Merrie England* topped the million mark. Then it spilled over into America, Germany, Scandinavia, Spain, and many other countries.

Up-to-Date Message

Blatchford's masterpiece was published on October 8, fifty-one years ago. The striking point about it is that today his message is as fresh as ever.

In this book, Blatchford answers the same old bogies which have been

"Jimmie, me boy, I sez to meself, you'd never be happy in a pre-fab, I sez"

brushed up and brought out into the political arena in recent months.

He answers the bogy of Socialist serfdom. He shows that the poor man's savings are quite safe. He destroys the idea of the "Gestapo" and the all-devouring Socialist machine.

To-day we have seen one of Blatchford's dreams come true. Britain has a Socialist Government backed by a powerful majority. But his dream of a new and beautiful Britain where life is rich and full for everyone is still a dream.

"Go out into the streets of any big English town, and use your eyes, John," he wrote. "You find hard-working people packed away in vile, unhealthy streets, you find, in far too many places, squalor and poverty. Is it nothing to you, John Smith? Are you a citizen? Are you a man? And will you not strike a blow for the right, nor lift a hand to save the fallen?"

Still Great After 51 Years

Those words still have an authentic ring to-day. Much of the poverty, dirt and disease which Blatchford knew has been swept away. But many evils remain and fresh ones have developed.

We need his crusading spirit to-day as much as it was needed fifty-one years ago. Perhaps, in some ways, we need it more, for a developing society becomes more sensitive to social distress as it progresses.

"I have kept as close to the earth as I could. I am only now talking street talk about the common sights of the common town. . . . I say that you, in common with all men, are responsible for the things that are. I say that it is your duty to seek the remedy; and I say that if you seek it you will find it."

There is no mistaking the sincerity in that, and there is no mistaking its universal application. It applies as much to the men and women living in these days of great experiment and great distress as it did to men and women of fifty-one years ago.

By modern standards Blatchford's book is not without its flaws. There are economic ideas put forward which no longer stand up. There are chapters where the heart tends to get the better of the head. But the book remains a great book.

Robert Blatchford was ninety-two when he died. He had come a long way. An invalid at ten and not expected to live, he saw out a ripe old age.

From being a boy who once earned a penny a night on the stage, he became a £1,000 a year journalist. A boy born to poor parents with little or no education, he emerged as the shining prophet of the new Socialism.

Moral for To-day

Blatchford is dead, and we lack another of his magnitude to play the same part.

But a Britain just emerged from grappling with war and confronted with a hard-faced world of money and creditors, cannot do without the spirit which inspired *Merrie England*.

If there is the same spark in you as set fire to Britain fifty years ago, then this call of Blatchford's will have a special meaning:

"Very commonly we hear men say, 'Yes, it is a pity that things are so bad; but it is no fault of ours, and nothing we can do will mend them.' But there is something everyone can do. Find out, understand why things are bad, and take a part in putting them right."

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Peace at Last

"NOW, CHILDREN, here are Mary and Peter from across the way. They've come to play with you. John, you and Tim can look after Peter. Now, Joan, I want you to be nice to Mary. Just stay here in the back garden, and don't make too much noise."

"O.K., mom."

"And, John, don't say 'O.K., mom.' Say 'Yes, mother.'"

"Okey-doke. Come on, Tim, I vote we play Pacific Campaign. Mary and Peter can be Japs."

"We don't want to be Japs. We'll be Americans."

"Then we shall all be on the same side, silly, so there won't be any fighting. Come on, Tim, you be General MacArthur. I'll be Lord Louis Mountbatten."

"No, let's play something else. The war's over now."

"Well—let's play 'Peace Treaties.'"

"How do you play that?"

"We pretend we're countries and divide up the garden between us. Bags I the lawn."

"Bags I the vegetable part. Joan, you can have all the paths."

"WHICH PART can we have, please?"

"Oh, you two? Mary, you can have the bottom end where the rubbish heap is. And Peter, you can . . . you can be a displaced person."

"Does that mean I can go on anyone's ground?"

"You just try coming on my lawn and I'll turn my Bren gun on you."

"So will I."

"So will I."

"Oh, dear! Well, can I have that tool-shed, Tim?"

"Of course not. That's my armament factory. You can have the water butt."

"Hey, Joan, keep off my vegetables."

"I'm not on your silly vegetables. I'm on my path. I can't help it if my path runs through your vegetables."

"That bit of path is mine."

"Oh, no, it isn't."

"Yes, it is. If you don't let me have that bit of path you can't have any vegetables. And you can't grow food on paths. So you'll starve, ha-ha-ha!"

"Oh! Well, you have the bit of path and I'll have that corner of vegetables in exchange!"

"HI, LISTEN, Tim, we can't sail our boats because that stinker Peter has got the water butt."

"Well, he can't have it, then. Let's invade him."

"Super idea. Come on! Charge! Whoo-oooo——"

"Leave my water butt alone, you beasts. Go away! Mary, come and help me."

"All right, Peter. I'm coming. I've just found out that my rubbish heap is full of uranium."

"John! John! Quick! She's going to atom bomb us."

"Give her part of your vegetables to keep her quiet."

"No! you give her a part of your lawn."

"I won't. We must capture her rubbish heap."

"Go away! You nasty things!"

"Take that."

"And that."

"Stop it! Help! Peter!"

"Come on, Tim. Vapourise him!"

"Children, children! Stop this fighting at once. Won't you ever learn to play a nice peaceful game?"

"We *were*. We were playing 'Peace Treaties.'"

Free Speech

IN YOUR LEADING ARTICLE on the coal situation this winter (JOHN BULL, September 8) you said that much improved distribution is needed to carry supplies to the people. To achieve this, the retail merchants should be assured of all the labour they need, and, in return, should see that the person who can afford only a hundredweight at a time will not be neglected.

Who is to pay the higher wages bill for this increased labour? Let me take you behind the scenes in my own coal business.

My firm is allocated 31 tons of house coal a week at an average profit of 9s. a ton after allowing for stones, short weight in wagons, etc. We had four employees, but, with the falling allocation, one had to go last April. Still, our weekly wage bill is £14—which about balances the profit on coal allocated. There are further expenses for such things as rental of railway ground, weighbridge fees, garage costs, and upkeep of some 600 sacks.

Three motor lorries have to be kept up to supply 750 customers over a wide rural area. Our average petrol consumption is 220 gallons a month compared with 175 gallons when coal was plentiful and we could deliver in bigger quantities.

As it is, we try to cover our ground once a month with an average delivery of 3 cwt. In some outlying places, 10 cwt. every three months is the best we can do. In the old days, our customers were supplied with three to five tons *once a year* when trade was slack and the summer roads were easy for transport.

The only remedy for customers and harassed merchants is more coal and that quickly.—ATHOLE SIM (Walter Macmillan and Co.), Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

Still Waiting

CAN'T JOHN BULL liven up the Board of Trade? I lost my home last year in the raids and evacuated with my three children (aged seven, three, and two). Now I've got a flat and applied for the necessary priority dockets and so on last May. It seems they lost my claim. Five weeks ago I let them have all the particulars again. Dead silence has reigned ever since. And here I am with five rooms, four camp beds, a small table, and three chairs. I'm "at home" to all Board of Trade representatives.—MRS. K. JENKINSON, 40, Elm Park Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.

Manners are Better

I'M SICK AND TIRED of hearing elderly people condemn the present generation as a class. I have worked at my trade as a farrier and blacksmith for sixty years and find customers and their employees who come to my place now are much more amiable and easy to please than in the old days. In the past I have known men put themselves out to get others into trouble. That's practically unknown now.—ANDREW MACKIE, Newtown Smithy, Kirkcaldy.

Lost in the Wash

IT'S TIME SOMETHING was done to improve the compensation paid by laundries for lost clothes. The usual amount of twenty times the laundering fee is ridiculously small and makes no allowance for the age of garments. I'd like to give the manageress of my laundry the compensation I've been paid and get her to go out and replace my loss—with her coupons, of course.—MRS. F. Moss, 194, North Hyde Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

The Unbeliever

YOU SAY YOU ARE NOT TIED to any political Party (JOHN BULL, September 15). That is all bunkum—your paper is absolutely Labour. Even your "Bullets" competition shows that. Substantial prizes have been given to several "Bullets" upholding the Labour Party, and I wonder if the entries would have got prizes if they had boosted Conservatism.

I would wager as many Conservatives and Liberals enter the competition as Labourites. Why? Because about 70 per cent. of the people who voted Labour are of the ignorant, uneducated type who expect a day's pay for half a day's work.—J. SHEAR, Laburnum Cottage, Northwood, Wem, Salop.

*** The sole test of JOHN BULL "Bullets" is, as the rules clearly state, "cleverness, aptness and originality."—EDITOR.

BLACK DAYS FOR THE COAL MAN

Law of compensation and laundries. Young cook and tactful parents. Two views on shoes. Oranges make more trouble. Will children always play at war?

A Dog's Life

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER you have had any other letters about this sort of thing, but my eldest girl, aged thirteen, is attending cookery classes, and last

"I made custard with it, but we had to put it on the floor for the dog"

week made some chocolate buns. To save hurting her feelings, her father and I gave the Alsatian dog four of them, pretending we had had them. It took three powders to put him right. This week she brought an apple pudding. I made custard to go with it, but we had to put it on the floor for the dog. He gave me such a look. Don't you think this should be stopped, with fats so scarce?—Mrs. E. W., Notts.

The Law's Delay

I AM ENTITLED on medical grounds to seek an annulment of my marriage. I have spent four and a half years of constant effort and have at last achieved something. With some luck I may be free in another two years!

There are many cases like mine every year, but they have to go through the Divorce Courts. It may be policy to make divorce difficult in order to preserve the sanctity of marriage, but surely such unions as mine should not be prolonged a day more than is necessary.—CPL. W. McM., Wiltshire (address enclosed).

Children's Shoes

YOUR ARTICLE saying that the Government should control the quality of goods as well as the price was badly needed (JOHN BULL, September 29). Children's shoes are one example of shoddy material sold at high prices.

I recently paid 17s. 6d. for a pair of shoes for my small son. Being new, the soles were shiny, and, to prevent accidents, I roughened them. It was obvious, when I scraped them, that they were made of some paper composition. They were badly worn in a month and the quality was so poor that they could not be repaired.—Mrs. E. GREENE, Shrewsbury, Salop.

YOUR INVESTIGATOR, William J. Gage, in writing about the plight of shoeless children (JOHN BULL, September 15), seems anxious to encourage people to feel sorry for themselves. It is a pleasure, not a hardship, for children to run barefoot in summer.

It is not surprising that boots and shoes are not what they were in normal times. But the fact that they wear out quickly is often due to parents not taking sufficient care of their children's footwear. They should keep plenty of studs in them.—WATSON GILLESPIE, Glasgow, W.1.

Taxi! Taxi!!

I'VE DRIVEN LONDON TAXI-CABS for years and won't let L. A. C.'s criticism (JOHN BULL, August 18) go unanswered. Letters like that about isolated taxi-drivers give the impression that we are a lot of crooks.

I have yet to meet a driver who would not think 2s. was good payment for a 1s. 3d. fare. In any case, the public should report cases of rudeness to the police and not write to the papers.—A. TANAMAN, 14, St. Peter Close, Eastcote, Middlesex.

Oranges Cause Headache

SOME OF THE ORANGES we were promised a few weeks ago should be in my shop any time now. I'm not looking forward to their arrival, as it will be another big headache. There will be queues, and I cannot pick out visitors from the provinces on sight. So some

"There will be queues and I cannot pick out visitors . . ."

Londoners will certainly lose their share to people who've already had an allocation at home. One thing I'm going to do—keep some supplies for early morning customers who can only call in on their way to work.—N. T., Chiswick, W.4.

Ambassador No. 1

AT OUR "LOCAL" we were trying to decide who was the best unofficial ambassador. The first four suggestions were Gandhi, Sir Stafford Cripps, Bernard Shaw, and Anthony Eden. But the fifth suggestion won general approval—Paul Robeson.—THOMAS HILL, 78, Pentland Avenue, Billingham, Co. Durham.

Our Soldier Boys

ONE OF OUR biggest post-war problems will be to rid the children of warmindedness. The only toys boys will look at nowadays are tanks, tommy-guns,

"The only toys boys look at nowadays . . ."

and 'planes. To them the war has been an exciting adventure. Can we educate them out of that idea? Will they grow out of it? Or will they want to play at war in another twenty years?—JOHN G. BROWN, 16, The Circle, Doncaster.

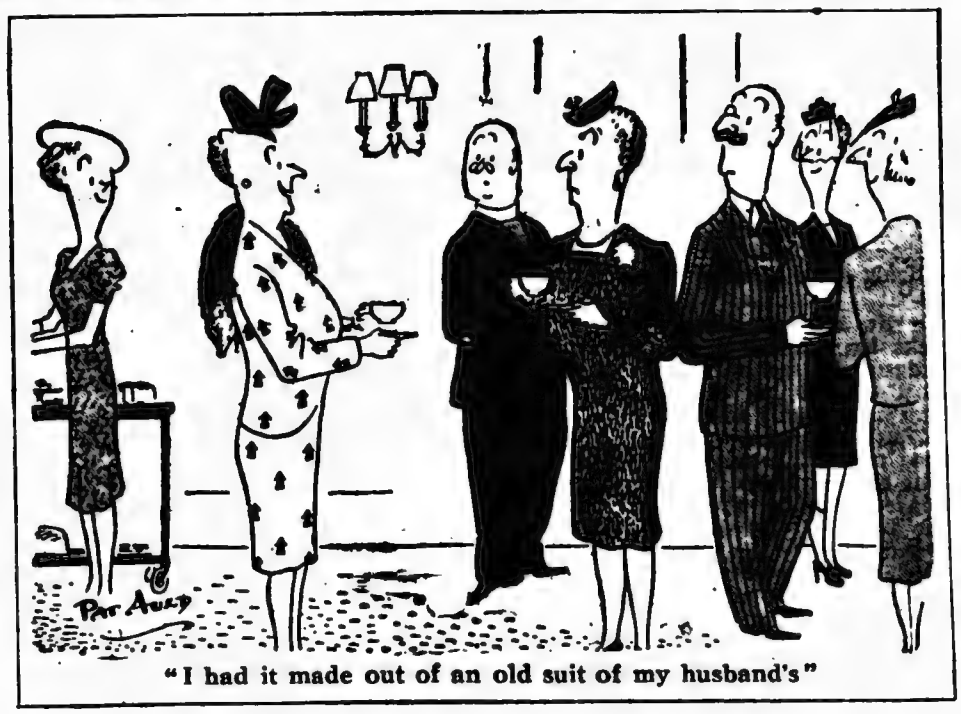
Quicker by Rail

I FORWARDED A SUITCASE to Weston-super-Mare and it arrived battered and with some of the contents missing. I reported the matter to the L.M.S. Railway, and two months later received this typewritten note on a torn-off sheet of paper:

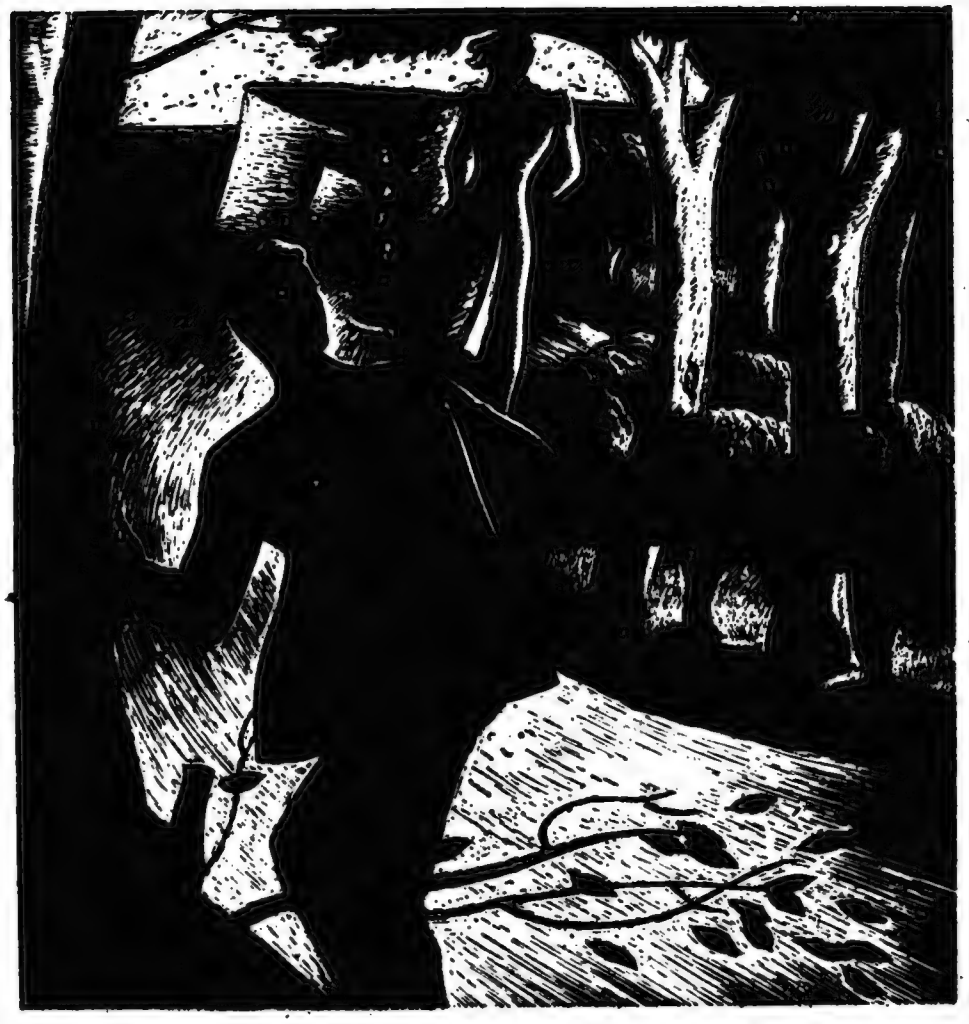
"Fear Sir, With reference to your claim re goods missing from suitcase my manager instructs we to inform you it is greatly regretted that the transit of this consignment has given rise to complaint. I am however instructed to inform you to refer this matter to the insurance Coy with whom your care is insured as this is a matter for their attention. Yours respy."

Not very literate, is it? Not very helpful. Is it the railway company's idea of a joke?—C. W. GREENHALGH, 98, Belmont Road, Bolton, Lancs.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



"I had it made out of an old suit of my husband's"



"It was you . . . I saw you standing there. Just on the edge"

A Pot of Honey

by MICHAEL CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED BY PAYNE

It was Jane's legacy that started it all. The prospect of having his own business made Bella look less attractive. Somehow he had to find a way out of the triangle

JOHN BULL

HE LIT HIMSELF a fresh cigarette from the butt of the old. As he stubbed it out he noticed with a shock of surprise how full of ends the tray in front of him was. Surely he hadn't been sitting here as long as that?

He looked at his watch. It was over two hours since he'd first come into the pub. Come in to get a moment's quiet thought before he went home to Jane.

He'd been sitting for two hours and his mind was still a twisted heat of thought.

There *must* be a way out of it for him. There must be. All his life he'd had the dirtiest luck—surely, this time, he couldn't be cheated. To have it so near him—all he'd ever wanted. . . . To have it in the palm of his hand as it were and not to be able to close his fingers over it. . . .

Fitfully he pulled the smoke into his lungs and bitterly exhaled it as he remembered Bella's twangy, imitation American voice last night.

"Oh no, big boy," she'd said, shaking her bright orange head at him mockingly. "Oh no. Don't you get any funny ideas about running out on me. We're for keeps. Remember?"

Of course he remembered. But that was over a year ago and things were different. He'd been fed up when the Army slung him out with a gamy leg—not that he wasn't tired enough of the life—but it was better than coming home to Jane.

Jane, with her wide, questioning eyes, her quiet, meek way and her long, thin hands that were perpetually scrubbing, or dusting, or sewing. Sometimes she'd pause in her work and lay her hand against the back of his neck and he'd flinch at the touch and rasp of her roughened fingers.

God alone knew why he'd ever married her! She wasn't his type at all. He wrinkled his brows on a sudden amused thought. Actually Jane and Bella weren't so very unalike—at least to look at. . . . But there the resemblance ended. Bella was warmth and colour, game for a laugh and a drink at any time. But Jane. . . .

He and Bella had taken a fancy to each other the moment they met. He smiled slightly remembering the way she'd clicked her tongue in her mouth, as Sam Hicks had introduced them.

"Hello, handsome." Well, women had always fallen for him. Way back when he was a kid he could remember his mother's friends saying he'd be a lady killer and no mistake.

"Look at those lashes," they'd say, yearning over him, "and those eyes, and did you ever see such a skin on a boy—it's downright unfair—that's what it is."

Well, he'd liked Bella, too. More than he'd liked any woman.

"You're my woman," he'd said, cradling her slim body.

"For how long, mister?" Her green eyes had glittered at him between lazy lashes stiff with mascara.

"For ever," he said, "for keeps." And he meant it. . . . Might have gone on meaning it if a pot of honey hadn't fallen into his hands *via* Jane.

"YOU SEE HOW IT IS," he'd said to Bella last night. "Jane's come into this money from her grandfather. She's a sly one—all these years we've been married and she never told me she had expectations. Calm as a cat she was when she told me. And watching me like a cat, too—to see which way I'd jump."

"And which way did you?" Bella's full, soft, chin had suddenly looked hard—had thrust out at him. He'd fumbled for words, for sentences to explain to her that he loved her—that he'd always love her, that they just mustn't see each other for a while.

That Jane . . . well, Jane and he had had a sort of reconciliation. Jane was going to let him put the money into a small business. A grocery shop he'd had his eye on for some time. . . . He could make a go of it. . . . He'd be a wealthy man in no time and then . . . then he and Bella. . . .

"And how long do you think all this is going to take?" she asked, viciously. "How long do you think I'm going to sit around and let you play the kind and handsome hubby to that whey-faced piece of misery?"

He'd tried arguing with her, but she wouldn't be reasonable. She wouldn't listen. Finally they were shouting at each other. She could yell louder and longer than he and, eventually, he sat quiet with a feeling of injustice and bitterness towards her growing in him. Suddenly she'd seemed no longer desirable.

He saw her as an angry woman, her cheeks scarlet and her lips and eyes smudged with tears and heat. . . .

He'd pushed his chair back to go. There was nothing to keep him.

"Wait." Her voice was cold. "I was saving up a little surprise for you—you might as well have it now. I'm going to have a baby."

"A baby!" He looked at her in blank disbelief.

"Yeah," she mocked, her hands on her hips, "a little child. You've heard of them, haven't you?"

Sure he'd heard of them—often. But not from Bella. From Jane. Jane was crazy about kids. Told him time and time again in her quiet, weary fashion that she'd mind nothing, nothing, if only she could have a baby.

"Can't you do something? . . . There must be something you can do?"

"Well!" Bella sneered. "That's a nice way to talk. Wicked I call it."

"But Bella." Hopelessly he looked at her.

"Bella nothing," she spat at him. "We'll just see if you'll be free to walk out on me once Jane hears about it. She'll divorce you so quick you'll hardly notice."

"Jane will never divorce me. You and me will be no news to Jane. She's willing to let bygones be bygones. . . ."

"Maybe." Bella nodded her head. "Maybe—but I think she'd feel I have the better right to you when she hears about the kid. You know as well as I do how Jane will feel about that."

Yes, he knew. Jane would close her pale lips firmly and fold her work-thickened hands into fists and say:

"It's the child we must think of. You must marry Bella."

And then good-bye to his chances to make something of himself. He wouldn't be able to touch a penny of her money.

BY GOD, he wouldn't stand for it. He must get out of the mess somehow. He must shut Bella's mouth for her.

He offered her money. A secret share in the business he'd buy.

"No, my lad," she said, "nothing doing. It's you I want and you I intend to have. Though the Lord knows why. . . ."

"That's true," he put in feverishly.

Short Story

"I'm no good, Bella, never have been never will be. Plenty of better men than me. . . ."

"Sure," she nodded, "but I like your big, blue eyes. Now run away and think it over. I'll give you until to-morrow night before I go to Jane."

To-morrow night was now to-night. He hadn't much time. Not that Bella would be likely to get hold of Jane this evening. Jane had gone off into the town to do a bit of shopping and said she'd probably go to a cinema before she came home. That meant he was safe from Bella till around ten.

PERHAPS HE'D TRY and have another talk to her. . . . There must be some way of making her see sense. He could promise to marry her once the business was going. Put it in writing for her. Yes, perhaps that would hold her for the moment. . . .

He'd give Bella a ring. Ask her to meet him. But where? Where could they talk? It couldn't be here. Bella might lose her temper again and start yelling. And it couldn't be in her room because her friend Molly would be home from the factory by now. . . . Where?

He'd ask her to meet him down by the coppice by the cliff. That was a good idea. They'd had many good times there. He'd get around her a bit before he talked to her. . . .

Sure, he could manage her—he'd never met a woman he couldn't twist around his finger. . . .

In the fly-spotted mirror above the bar he could see himself. Dark and slim. His light blue suit looked good across his big shoulders. His black hair on his narrow head, shone like polished ebony. He grinned at himself. He'd make out all right.

But when, a few minutes later, he left the 'phone box on the corner of the street he wasn't feeling so confident.

Her tone had been sharp and cold. Queerly, he felt that if she'd been mocking, or sneering, he'd be more sure of managing her. But no. She'd been as unemotional as a stone.

"Why can't you say what you've got to say, now?"

"I've been thinking," he began . . .

"So have I," she said, curtly. "And I don't know that I want to see you."

"You haven't done anything? I mean you haven't told Jane? About . . . what we were talking of last night"

"No."

He breathed a sigh of relief.

"Come along, Bella," he pleaded gently. "Come down to the coppice. I've been thinking of you all day and . . . and I'm that unhappy about the way we parted last night. I love you, Bella."

There had been a long pause on the 'phone.

"Hello, hello," he'd shouted, urgently.

"All right," her sharp voice had come back at him suddenly. "I'll meet you there in twenty minutes"

AS HE MADE HIS WAY up the hilly road past the town towards the cliffs, he knew, no matter how he tried to reassure himself, he knew that he wasn't going to be able to make Bella see sense.

Her toughness and her cynicism would be a wall against which everything he said or offered would rebound. He hated her. With every step he took a burning rage against her mounted in him. Between clenched teeth he called her every foul and bitter name he could think of.

When he breasted the hill and saw her standing there, her white coat belted around her and her head in one of her brilliant scarfs bent against the wind and the mist from the sea, he stood still in his tracks and looked at her.

She was unconscious of him.

He hadn't met a soul on the way up the road.

They were alone.

Just the two of them.

He didn't think any further. His lips curled back from his teeth as he ran across the springy turf. She made

fraction of a movement as he ched her, but his hands firm and el against her shoulders lunged her ward.

rom way down the cliff side he heard bracken break, and a faint far-away , and the tanging sound of the water it took her in and smothered her r.

He put his hands across his eyes. He mbled, he felt his stomach heave. . . . Panting, he dropped to his knees and ered over the cliff side.

There was nothing to be seen. The ning mist rode the sea in thickening uds, the jagged rocks below gleamed ckly as the waves rolled back from m. She would have struck her head she fell, she would have been dead fore the sea choked her. . . .

"Hello, there."

It was her voice! Her twangy Ameri- voice! He screamed and clapped his nds over his ears.

"What on earth is the matter?"

No, he wasn't imagining it. She was re, close behind him. Now her hand s on his shoulder. He cowered, twist- on his knees to look round and up. She stared at him. Her soft, full uth foolishly agape.

"You . . . I . . . " he stuttered.

"What in the name of . . ." Sudden mprehension narrowed her eyes. Her ce was brittle and clipped, defiant. Oh, so you've seen her. She barged on me this evening. Full of how you lly loved her, that I was just a pass- infatuation. That I must be a good l and leave you alone.

"Leave you alone to make something yourself—with her. When you rang were in the midst of a slanging ting. I told her to come here and r for herself which one of us you ed. I told her . . ."

"You." His hand clutched at her rt.

"I saw you," he said. "Your coat. . . . ur scarf. . . ."

ZZLED, she looked at him. "I lent them to her. She had nothing on but thin dress. . . . I didn't want her tching her death up here. . . ." She ghed, awkwardly.

"It's funny," she said, "I kind of ed her. . . . She's got some gumption her for all her silly ways. . . . What's e matter with you? Oh, I get it, you ink I told her about the baby. . . ." e shoved her hands into her pockets, r mouth twisted, wryly. "I couldn't en it came to it. I can lie to you . . . t . . . oh, well, I didn't think I'd get av with it with her. . . . The way she s of looking at you. . . ."

"In the name of God," he yelled at r, "who are you talking of?"

"Why, Jane," she said. "Who else? aven't you seen her? I thought . . ."

"It was you," he whispered, hoarsely. saw you. Standing there. Just on e edge. I saw you. . . ."

He looked at her, stupidly.

Her eyes widened, and her scarlet- ped hands flew to her trembling uth. She stepped back from him, oking all the time at the cliff edge and e bounding sea below.

He shook his head dully. "It was u."

Her mouth opened in a scream, but sound came. He started to drag him- f to his feet, he saw her wide eyes cker in fright and horror before she rned in one, quick, lithe movement and n.

"Bella! Bella!"

She mustn't go now. Not until he ked to her. Explained to her. He ust catch her. Before she said any- ng, did anything.

He could hear her sobbing breaths, e straining gasp of her lungs. He s gaining on her. . . .

His foot slipped in the mist-wet tangle heather and stringy bracken. A fierce in shot through his ankle, up to his of his thigh.

The last thing he heard as his ankle ve again under him was the sound of r heels on the road and her thin, gh cry of "Murder . . .! Murder . . .!"

HOW TO DIG FOR PLENTY

It's still urgently necessary to produce all the food we can in our own back gardens. JOHN BULL'S Gardening Expert CONNERY CHAPPELL, tells us how to lay our Winter plans

HOW WELL YOU EAT next year will depend to a great extent on how well you treat your garden now. We've had plenty of warnings that the food shortage will continue. The end of the war doesn't mean the end of "Victory" gardens.

The time to plan next year's garden is now, not next Spring.

The first thing to put right is the soil, which has been cropped hard all this year and is now dirty and tired.

Don't leave it until the Spring to fork it over. The winter rains will stand on it in puddles if it's heavy. In any case, a whole season of recovery will be wasted.

Decide right now to dig it over at the first possible opportunity, and leave it rough.

Some people with half a row of winter greens will leave a five-rod patch standing unturned all the winter. This doesn't make gardening sense. To produce half-a-crown's worth of greens next April you are locking up soil which should be spending the winter getting strength for next year. You make the greens at the expense of next year's crops.

Get a Good Start

In practice, small gardens and allotments seldom pay for winter crops. They aren't big enough. Better to get a good start for the next season than let the ground lie unbroken and sour all winter.

So, pick a week-end before the end of November when you can turn over the whole plot.

And in turning it over loosen the second spit of earth and cover it with compost. If you haven't made a compost heap this year go out and kick yourself. And start making one right away.

Better still, if you know a brown market, get real stable or farmyard manure. But it is very expensive and hard to come by.

Don't think you can get on all right without manure or compost. You can't.

Don't put the lime on at the same time as you dig in the manure or compost. Lime and manure have a chemical reaction. Together, they produce ammonia You wouldn't like a diet of ammonia.

Nor would soil. But soils must have lime, particularly if you live near a city.

Lime won't take the place of manure or compost. It doesn't enrich soil. But it does sweeten it.

Very well. Get some lime. It's fairly cheap, and you can throw it on by the handful up to two pounds a square yard. Wait six weeks after the ground has been manured before applying it.

This means that we will start the new year with a clean bill of soil health.

But there is plenty to do besides digging and liming. Late October and early next month is the time to put in roses, to make a row of gooseberries, to cut back raspberry canes, to start blackcurrants.

These things can be done in the Spring. They are better done sooner. The plant gets a longer start. Have you some really bad ground, where even weeds complain they feel hungry? Why not try a row of gooseberries?

Dig out a sizeable little pit, fill it with

"GO THROUGH THE SEED CATALOGUES"

compost, cover the top with soil, spread out the roots of the small plant, and make up the earth from a better part of the garden.

It is amazing how much you can ill-treat gooseberries. Of course they are better in good conditions, but they can take any amount of punishment. Give them a base of compost and they seem to grow anywhere.

Make an early date, too, with the fruit trees. Fork the ground over and leave it rough. Give it some lime. Spray the trees with tar wash, which hits most things except codlin moth.

You can start pruning, too, once the sap has gone back. Don't leave it until February, when you'll be busy getting a tilth on the onion bed.

Equally, if you plan new fruit trees, get them in now. The extra months help to get things established.

Vegetable Patch

That leaves the vegetable patch in these days the most important place in the garden.

Make a list of this year's success and failures, and keep it in your gardening diary. If you did well with onions make a note to grow them in the same place again. They like it.

All the others, both good and bad, should be rotated. So make a plan of the cabbage patch and dot the vegetables around in different places.

Of course, if you insist, you can try a sowing of broad beans on a sheltered border next month. It's in all the textbooks. But broad beans are a funny crop for an allotment or garden, and they'll smother the neighbourhood with black fly next year. Most of us will be quite happy letting the land lie empty and open until the early Spring.

One last point. We all enjoy growing something *different*. Go through the seed catalogues and pick your fancy—and leave room for it in your garden plan. This year I tried two, one flower, one vegetable. I tried Helleborus Niger, otherwise known as Christmas rose, which seems to have done well.

For a vegetable, I tried Black Himalayan Potatoes. A number of JOHN BULL readers, after I mentioned them in an article last Spring, wrote and told me that they would also try them. Well, mine failed. Did anybody else have better luck?

Why Football Clubs are in Danger

IT ISN'T ONLY the English football clubs that face an acute wage problem.

The unexpected demand by the Scottish First League players for a return to peace time wages, bonus, and benefit standards may well precipitate the crisis which has long been threatening Scottish football.

Their action is certain to have an effect on the legislative mind.

If something like a collapse takes place, our legislators will have only themselves to blame. The truth of the situation is that they are afraid to tell the more powerful clubs that they must make sacrifices, both in finance and player-strength, if the game is to be saved.

The result is that our football is falling off in standard. Attendances at the "B" Division games are such that it is feared that, before the season ends, the clubs will be in financial difficulties. Most clubs will have a desperate struggle to make ends meet if their wage bills and bonus payments are increased. The same teams dominate, and the inequality is already most marked.

Now this acute discontent among the players has arisen.

At the moment the majority of the clubs can subsist only because they are paying their players a maximum of £3 a week, plus 10s. a point bonus. But prominent players from all the senior clubs have held a "secret" meeting in Glasgow and have decided to approach the League with a demand for peace time wage and bonus scales.

I happen to be a party to the "secret" because I was instrumental in securing a hall in which they could meet.

The players have the backing of the wealthier clubs, including the all-powerful Rangers.

One cannot see the League rejecting the demand. Yet, if they agree to it, the poorer clubs, who are in the majority, may be forced to close down.

With gates as they are, and with a prospect of success in the Cup remote for most of them, they cannot possibly pay their players from £6 to £8 a week plus bonus.

Yet they seem to have no alternative. If, for instance, the English League approves of the £10 minimum and guaranteed benefit, only four, possibly five, Scottish clubs could compete with them. The trek south would be greater than ever before.

Moreover, the quality of play has deteriorated. No new players of "Wembley Wizard" status have appeared. The junior field is almost barren of football genius. The schools are now "Rugby minded." The old-time "nurseries" are gradually disappearing.

The most obvious solution is for the clubs to reorganise themselves on a "solvency" basis. Those that can satisfy a committee of acoountants could comprise a new First League. The certainties are Rangers, Celtic, Clyde, Queen's Park, Partick Thistle, Hearts, Hibernian, Aberdeen, Dundee, Motherwell and Third Lanark. To maintain a balance, others like St. Mirren, Morton, Falkirk, Kilmarnock and Ayr United, would have to be admitted.

But economics are not quite enough. There is the game itself. The interest must be spread. This can only be achieved if the clubs like Rangers, Hearts, Aberdeen and Dundee help those in a less fortunate position.

A percentage of the total gates, paid into a common pool, would ensure that wage and benefit payments approximating to the English standard could be paid by all the clubs. A pool of reserve players would help towards equality on the field of play.

The other clubs could form a Second Division and share in the pool, although to a lesser degree.

A shorter season, a keener cup competition, the bogy of bankruptcy gone, and something approaching to equality in team strength—these are the only solutions to the problems confronting Scottish football.

J. C.

Her Atomic Bombshell

FOUR simple words about atoms, linked with one of the *Examples* for *Bullets* 1,493rd Contest, brought a splendid 2-in-1 prize to Miss M. Boyd, 87, Gould Street, Ayr. A telegram from Long Acre naming her winner of a £200 cheque and fine Radio was her welcome bombshell for entering the well-phrased and topical *Bullet*, Mighty Atom—Front Page —" New Leaf "?

No need to await next week's £500 *Bullets* Birthday Offer to get on your way to a First Prize cheque. Big cheques and new prizes of Vacuum Cleaners await you below, so start cleaning up now!

Result 1,495 — First Prize £300 and Radio

C. C. WISHER, ST. JOHN'S "A," HILL CREST ROAD, BIGGIN HILL, KENT.

POWER OF THE ATOM WANTED—NOT FOR MURDER!

£20 plus Souvenir Pen :
J. Flynn, 3, North View, Clara Vale, Ryton-on-Tyne.
Peace On Earth—" Indivisible "—" Take Your Part "!

£10 plus Souvenir Pen :
H. C. Ricketts, 63, Girton Avenue, Kingsbury, N.W.9.
What Grandpa Stands For—Democracy, The Old Dictator!

3 of £8 :
Mrs. J. Edwards, 29, High Grove, Sea Mills, Bristol.
Goodbye, Doughboys—Forget Climate—Remember " Warmth "!
L. Levens, " Holmleigh," Rhuddlan Avenue, Llandudno.
Coming Home . *Grimly*, " Forces " Science " Released."
F./O J. Paterson, R.A.F., 5, Southwood Avenue, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Parliament's Job—Turning Flag-poles to Scaffolding.

3 of £6 :
F. J. Cooper, 51, Commercial Street, Pontnewydd, Nr. Newport.
Power Of The Atom—For Good—Or Forge!
C. Haythorpe, 59, Rock St., Oldham, Lancs.
Peace On Earth—Then More Babies Yelling
N. Ramsden, Church Green, Woodford, Kettering, Northants.
Goodbye, Doughboys—You Only Disappointed Auntie!

3 of £4 :
Mrs. Cograve, 122, Marshland Rd., Moor Ends, Nr. Doncaster.
Thanks To The Forces—When Mayor's " Conquered." Hiccups!
Cpl. R. H. Whalley, 'S' Wing Signals, R.A.F., Manby, Nr. Louth, Lincs.
Too Much To Do—Isn't Why Tommy's " Tired."
Miss B. Whipp, 6, Trevor Road, Newport, Isle of Wight.
To-morrow's Road—Darkened By " White House "?

A list of 25 winners of £1 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted. Additional £25 Bonus, as offered, shared by 17 winners of £1 and over.

THREE BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 447. WINNING WORDS—1. Floored. 2. Soot or Sort. 3. Bore. 4. Song or Sons. 5. Skull. 6. Cough. 7. Sleet. 8. Masks. 9. Bed. 10. Still. 11. Fog. 12. Wild. 13. Trail. 14. Change.
£100 Sharers—Mrs. G. Anger, Trowse Old Hall, Norwich ; J. Beard, 77, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs. ; Pte. J. Collett, 32, Barwick Road, Crossgates, Leeds. Runners-up Awards value £25 divided between 57 entrants.

BIG CHEQUES & VACUUM CLEANERS!

£200 CASH 1st PRIZE plus £15.15s. "FLEET" CLEANER

Other Awards — £20 plus Cleaner, £10 plus Cleaner, 5 of £5, 5 of £4, 50 of 10s. 200 of 2s. 6d. 1,500 Merit Awards

Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated October 27 with details of £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

NEXT WEEK—£500 FIRST!

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BRITAIN'S FUTURE
UNITED WE WON, SO
PEACE-TIME PROBLEM
ON PARLIAMENT'S STAGE
JUSTICE DEMANDS
NO MORE WAR
HOUSEWIFE'S UTOPIA
REMAINS A DREAM
PREFABRICATED
WOULDN'T IT BE GRAND IF
WORTH WATCHING
SIDE BY SIDE
BURGLAR BILL
IN A TANGLE
NOT LONG AGO
FENCED IN
KNOWING
OUR COALMAN
LOOKED SMALL
ON GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY

Six " Examples " below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your " Bullet " as usual.

TO PRESERVE .....
JUDGING BY.....
TOUCHED .....
KIND OF .....
THROUGH THE .....
MADE THE ..... LAUGH

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two **Bullets**, or 1s. to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,499, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE " BULLETS " With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

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CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, Oct. 15.

Signed.....
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For 250 "BULLETIN" (OCT. 27), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

Skilled Servicemen—"Unskilled" as Civvies

"Debunking" great authors. Making toys and leather goods. Plight of a war widow. Register for disabled persons

"DURING THE WAR YEARS, JOHN BULL always fought for a square deal to us Servicemen.

"I am a sergeant fitter in the R.A.F. and have a clean record. Most of the time I have been on the experimental and research side of aircraft engines, including the jet-propelled. I have taken courses of instruction and passed exams at aero-engine works.

"I am about to be demobbed and thinking about my job in civilian life. I interviewed a civilian employer, but as I had no special school qualifications and had nothing to offer beyond six years' war training, he could offer me nothing more than a job as a lorry driver.

"Do employers think men like myself have been away too long to handle a decent job? I think that a senior N.C.O. has virtually the same position as a skilled tradesman or foreman in civil occupation. If the best he can get is a labourer's job it will be a poor look-out for thousands of Servicemen."

I have had a number of similar letters from other men in the Services. If everything that they have learnt during the war is to be discounted the outlook will be poor indeed. But I can't believe that the employer is right. The country cannot afford to waste good men

Too much attention is given to secondary school records, school certificates, and so on. Those exams are intended for the academic type of lad who is going into one of the professions. They are no guarantee whatever that the successful student will be of any use in technical work or any skilled trade.

You can do nothing until you are actually released. When that happens it would pay you to take one of the Government's short, intensive courses of training for the kind of work you want.

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a great admirer of the works of Charles Dickens. In fact I am a Dickens 'fan.' I have read pretty well everything he wrote, some of them many times. He was a grand champion of the poor and a great reformer. The world owes much to him.

"But I have just been reading a new life of Dickens which makes me 'see red.' The writer's idea is to show up all his weak points and make him appear less than he used to be. Do you think this 'debunking' of great men who are dead and gone should be encouraged? Is the idea to undermine one's faith in everybody?

"I should like to know what you think."

I understand how you feel well enough. I have read the book myself, and the impression it creates of Dickens as a husband and father is very different from the one given in earlier biographies.

We must know that Dickens had frailties like the rest of mankind. To regard him as a superhuman being is to entertain illusions, and we are always angry when our illusions are taken from us.

But your first sentence should give you the clue you need; you admire the works of Charles Dickens. You probably know his characters — Pickwick, Weller, Micawber, Squeers, Scrooge, Bumble, Bob Sawyer, Dick Swiveller, Mark Tapley, and the rest of

them better than you know your next-door neighbours.

They are the real Dickens—the Dickens of creative genius. The Dickens who has been "debunked" is a very different person. He died in 1870. The great Dickens of your admiration is immortal.

"I SHOULD LIKE to draw your attention to the plight of a war widow with eight children under the age of fourteen. She cannot find a house, and is now living in a hut for which she is paying £1 a week rent. They all sleep in the same room.

"The children have to walk miles to school, and she cannot afford to buy the shoes they badly need. The little ones also need coats for the winter. Isn't there anything that can be done?"

I suggest that the widow should write to the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association, 23, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.1. They will send a representative to investigate, and should be able to help her with clothes and shoes.

Local Education authorities are now empowered to assist where there is real hardship. They can also arrange for transport to school when pupils live far away. The local town hall is the place to ask about this.

"CAN YOU SUPPLY me with the title of a book on instructions on toy-making and leathercraft? If I want to sell the things I make, where do I obtain the licence?"

I have seen several new books on toy-making lately, but the most helpful was *Play and Toys in Nursery Years*, published by George Routledge and Sons, 68, Carter Lane, London, E.C.4, price 3s 6d. A bookseller should be able to get it for you. If you order direct you should include extra for postage.

Many useful books on crafts are published by Messrs. Dryad, Ltd., 22, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Unfortunately their book on leatherwork is sold out.

For a licence to sell goods, write to the Board of Trade, Millbank, S.W.1.

Disabled Persons

R. B., Gillingham: The Register of Disabled Persons for which provision is made in Section 6 of the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, 1944, was opened on September 25. The purpose of the Register is to identify those disabled persons who will qualify for the special schemes provided by the Act to assist their satisfactory resettlement. Only after the establishment of the Register will it be possible to bring these schemes into full operation since they are limited by the Act to "persons *registered* as handicapped by disablement".

Application for registration is purely voluntary. It is open to persons who are in employment equally with those who are seeking employment.

The Act lays down two conditions of eligibility for registration.

(1) The applicant must be a person who on account of injury, disease or congenital deformity is substantially handicapped in obtaining or keeping employment (or in undertaking work on his own account) of a kind which would otherwise be suited to his age, experience and qualifications. (2) Disablement must be such that it is likely to continue for six months from the date of registration.

These two conditions will be regarded as satisfied in the case of ex-Servicemen still receiving a disablement pension from the 1914-1918 war. All other cases will be determined on the individual facts.

M. Y., Hull: Under Defence Regulation 56 AB, a Certificate of Registration is issued as of right to any person who carried on a building or civil engineering business at any time between May 1, 1939, and October 1, 1941, or who acquires or revives a business that has at any time been registered.

In other cases, registration may be granted if the establishment of a new business is justified by the needs of locality. An Independent Committee has been set up to advise on such cases. The Ministry of Works considers applications on the basis of the Committee's recommendations.

£100 XWORD CASH

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. It's gratifying when bus pulls up at one you want—S□OP. 2. Smart person hates to be caught out in—STOR□. 3. Uses a lot of petrol and oil.—□AN. 4. Cat can appear terrifying to—MI□E. 5. A particularly welcome gift for most people during hard winter—COA□. 6. Inaccurate this may make suit disappointing—TA□E. 7. Inventions should do away with some such work—MEN□AL. 8. Many people have no time for—SLEE□. 9. It's apt to spread all over the place—MI□T. 10. Many a farmer would like to have one more handy—B□RN. 11. To avoid being bled white, man in desperation may resort to—GARR□T. 12. Artificial one is sometimes portrayed on screen—FO□. 13. For most people, a few hours alone can turn out to be—DREA□. 14. Good one requires both point and head—TA□K.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Oct. 27 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark —**MONDAY, Oct. 15.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 451, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No 447 Result below " Bullets " Winners.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

FOOD (MF) FACTS

No. 8 IN A SPECIAL SERIES

making the MOST of BACON

It's a temptation to enjoy your bacon ration all at one meal. But bacon has such a delicious flavour that a little of it mixed with other foods makes them more savoury too. So why not "spread the flavour" over several meals instead of one? Here are some ways worth trying.

SAVOURY RECIPES to make a little bacon go a long way

BACON TURNOVERS. *Ingredients:* 1 rasher fat bacon, 4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder (or 4 oz. self-raising flour), ½ level teaspoon salt, ½ level teaspoon herbs, milk to mix. *Method:* Fry or grill the bacon and chop it. Keep the fat for frying the turnovers. Mix the dry ingredients with milk to a scone dough. Roll out ½ in. thick, and cut into four 3-in. rounds. Place bacon in centre of each round and fold over. Fry in bacon fat until golden brown and cooked in centre. Serve hot. *Enough for 4.*

Bacon Cakes

BACON CAKES make a substantial and warming breakfast on a cold day. *Ingredients.* 3 oz. fat bacon, ½ lb. mashed potato, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 level tablespoons chopped onion, salt and pepper. *Method:* Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry. Remove from the pan and mix with the potato, parsley, onion and seasoning. Shape into cakes and fry in the bacon fat until golden brown. *Enough for 4.*

Bacon-stretching Suggestions

(1) Cook and chop the bacon. Mix with cooked vegetables—potatoes, peas or greens, and fry all together.

(2) Cook and chop the bacon, and sprinkle over baked beans or grilled tomatoes on toast.

(3) Mix the chopped fried bacon with scrambled egg, or in an omelette.

(4) Fry 2 or 3 rashers of fat bacon. Chop and mix with one level tablespoon chopped parsley. Use as a filling for sandwiches and fry them in the bacon fat. Serve hot.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. 272

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. *First:* regular exercise. *Second:* fresh air. *Third:* good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not *quite* so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN (NESTLÉ JB)

Vitamin B1 HCl	*30 I. U. per gram.*
Riboflavin	*65 mcgs. per gram*
Calcium d-Pantothenate	*63 mcgs. per gram.*
Nicotinic	*455 mcgs. per gram.*
Vitamin B6 HCl	*54 mcgs. per gram.*

TABLETS 1/1½, 3/- *per bottle*
POWDER 1/4½, 2/3, 4/- *per tin*

The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorises the whole pan.

HARPIC

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Are You Keeping
YOUR FITNESS VITALITY & CHARM

CLEAR skin, sparkling eyes, a lovely figure—these are possible only when the blood is kept free from impurity and digestion and elimination are all that they should be. The best way to ensure this is to regularly take Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans tone up digestion, keep the blood-stream healthy and daily eliminate harmful toxic wastes. Thus, Bile Beans ensure that perfect inner health which is the foundation of fitness and personal charm.

Take Purely Vegetable (NESTLÉ JB)

BILE BEANS

For Easier, Quicker, Washing

You do not know the ease and speed with which you can do your washing until you've used "ACDO"... then you'll be amazed.

For "ACDO" does a whole family wash in a few minutes, without scrubbing or rubbing—even the dirtiest clothes it washes spotlessly clean.

Try it next washday, then you'll understand why housewives in industrial areas, where clothes get really dirty, have used "ACDO" for over 20 years.

"ACDO" cannot injure the daintiest fabrics or harm the most sensitive skin.

(NESTLÉ JB)

Wash with **ACDO** THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

...T & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

Thanks to
Fennings
(NESTLÉ JB)

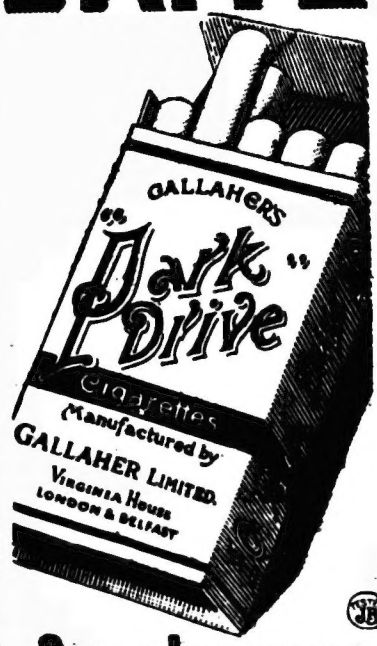
CHILDREN'S POWDERS
EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS
SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 *and* 3/-
Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks
Send 3d. in stamps to:
Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W.,
for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"

FLU-COLDS

Treat Flu-colds at once—with Nostroline Nasal Remedy. It works swiftly, gently, and scientifically, soothing and healing inflamed throat and nose. Germ-destroying Nostroline brings away mucus, freeing and disinfecting congested breathing passages. Relieves head noises. Safe for children. Doctors recommend it. In tubes 1/5d. including tax; of all chemists. (NESTLÉ JB)

NOSTROLINE

PARK DRIVE



for pleasure

If it's quicker shaving you want to get SOUPLEX and DOUBLE SIX are the winning bet!

* Millions of these famous blades are still going to the Forces. Occasionally small supplies are available to the public. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancs. *

SUSTAINED EFFORT

Changed conditions have, for many people, resulted in longer hours and harder work. Not infrequently the extra effort demanded causes headaches and muscular aches and pains. Those responsible for the health of workers in war factories have been quick to recognise the merits of 'ANADIN' in alleviating pain and distress. Invaluable also in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis and the common cold.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*) (NESTLÉ JB)

ANADIN
TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

Be Cheery

"I don't worry about backache, I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier." "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders." "My back does not bother me," are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

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DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

When she's back—

to the meals that mother makes

ah! BISTO

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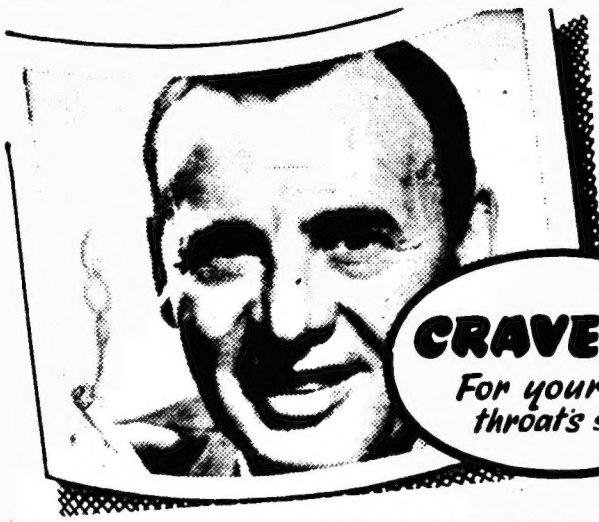

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